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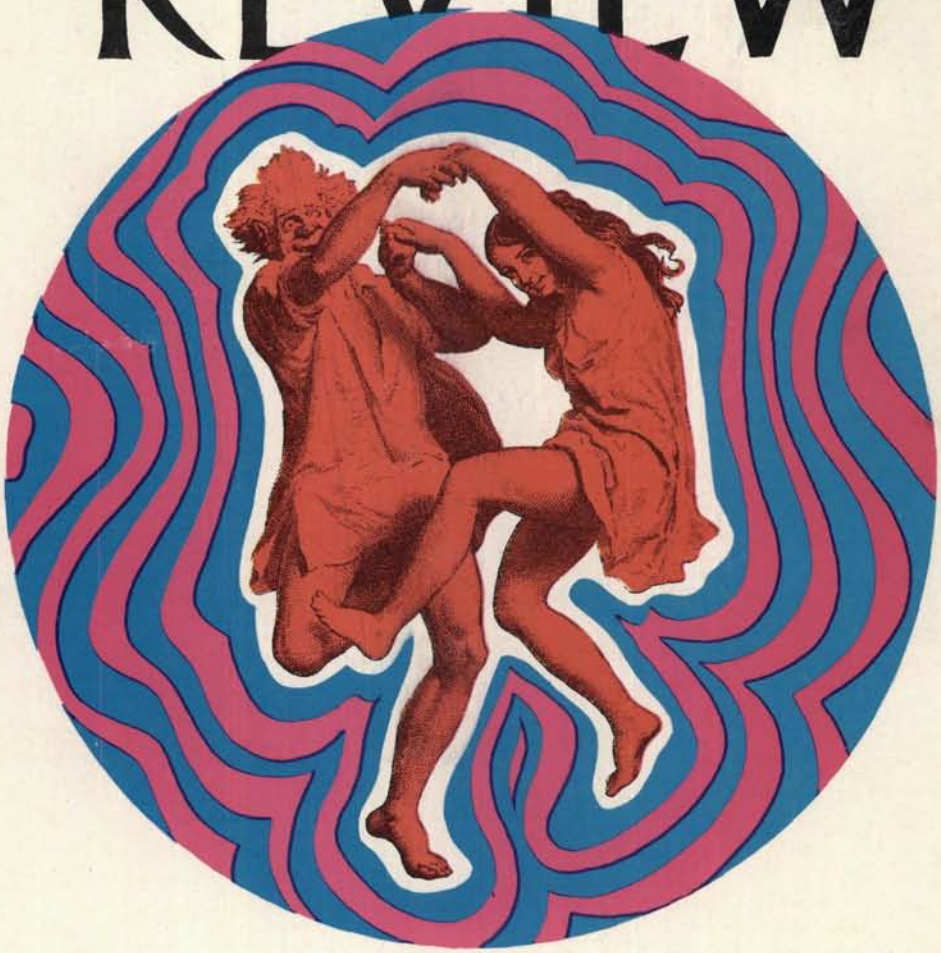

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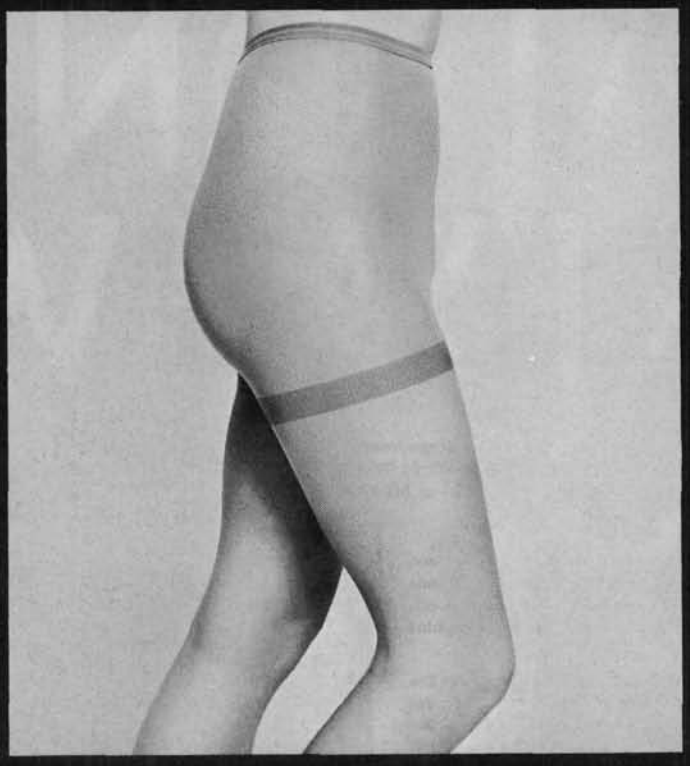

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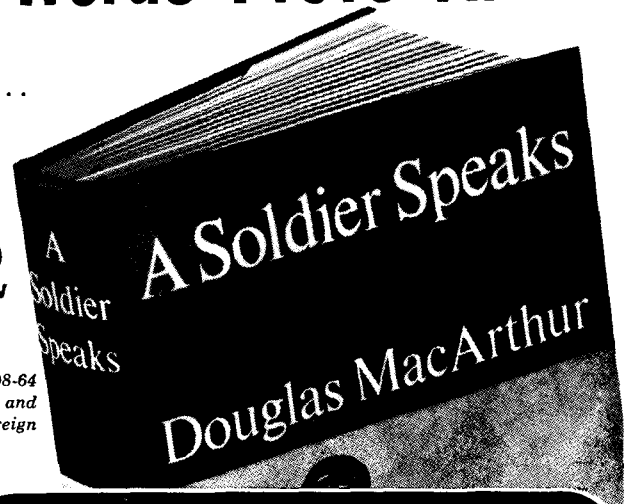

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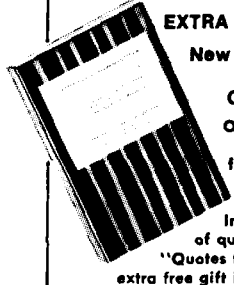

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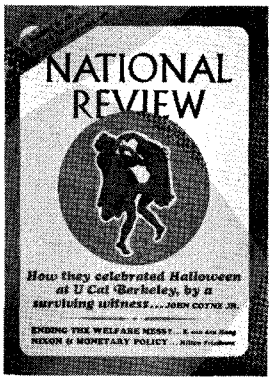
IN THIS ISSUE

■ Poverty and welfare, the monetary crisis . . . we are all $$$ this issue and we commence with the second of **Ernest van den Haag**'s two dialogues between the Liberal who wants concrete answers on how to help the poor, and the Conservative who provides them. (Part One appeared in *NR*, Nov. 19.) . . . Naturally, **Milton Friedman**'s negative income tax comes up in the course of the debate (Dr. van den Haag's Conservative has done his homework), and Mr. Friedman himself turns up a few pages later with a discourse on monetary policy, which we reprint, drastically condensed and rephrased for non-technical consumption, from the *American Economic Review*. Mr. Friedman is past president of the American Economic Association and the author of a new book, *Dollars and Deficits*, reviewed in this issue by investment analyst **Kenneth O. Miller**. If all this makes the issue look like a Friedman Special, well, it's a coincidence. On the other hand, Mr. F. *is* the country's top economist and our own choice to head the Federal Reserve Board (attention Dick Nixon). . . . The Berkeley campus got back into the action with a silly Walpurgisnacht, using the Eldridge Cleaver affair as an excuse. Our correspondent, **John R. Coyne Jr.**, works on his Ph.D. thesis between sieges. . . . The Soviet attack on Czechoslovakia has left West Germans feeling more mistrustful than ever of their U.S. ally, writes **Norbert Muhlen**. Mr. Muhlen, German-born, is a longtime contributor to *NR* on German affairs. . . . There are two sides to the story of that World Council of Churches meeting in Uppsala, and **Harold O. J. Brown**, a minister of the Congregational Church, tells you the one you haven't heard.


NATIONAL REVIEW
How they celebrated Halloween at U Cal Berkeley, by a surviving witness....
ENDING THE WELFARE MESS?
NIXON & MONETARY POLICY

■ **James Burnham** brings us a dispatch from Rhodesia, southern front of the Third World War. . . . **Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn** reflects on the end of Salazar. . . . **Frank S. Meyer** blasts the campus revolution. . . . **Russell Kirk** celebrates the rise of Scottish nationalism. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** takes note of a new intellectual sport: gangbanging Nixon.

■ From the perspective of *Anti-Memoirs*, **Peter P. Witonski** looks back at Malraux. . . . Kids' books are getting preachy, notes **C. H. Simonds**, but he finds a few to recommend. . . . Theater critic **Richmond Crinkley** writes a column of political analysis for the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*. . . . **Nika Standen Hazelton** went on the town to celebrate the publication of a new book, and look what happened. Anyhow, the book is called *Stew!*, it contains fifty recipes, and it sells for $2.95 from Simon and Schuster.

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LETTERS

Education and Ecstasy

Jeffrey Hart's review of George Leonard's *Education and Ecstasy* [NR, Nov. 19] may be to some a delightful balm in which to bask, like a tingling suntan lotion. We, however, must let loose one loud, long, despairing shriek, as of someone about to sink in icy undertow for the third time: Help! Beware!

Leonard's view of McLuhan's global village—the eradication of Western Culture, literacy, religion, sports, reason, conscience, and the death of the book—all these are not mere fruity Southern California figments of a psychedelic moon trip. *They are here*—in Northern California, in Orange County, in Our Schools, in yours (Madison Heights, Mich.—who knows where else?)—seeded, metastasized throughout our public educational system by its national organization, the NEA.

We first knew of this last May, when 35 high school teachers came down out of the hills after a weekend retreat of sensitivity-training encounter groups, and some began using Esalen techniques in English classes. Body-awareness games such as Passing in a Circle, Blind Walk, Group Lift replaced spelling, composition, literature. Group criticism sessions singled out the most obnoxious class members and shattered their complacency. Weeping students stood before the class revealing their hideous home life. Some classes meditated or formed boy-girl pairs (dyads, in the lingo) to sit knee-to-knee, discussing their "here-and-now feelings."

In our daughter's freshman English class, students formed a close standing circle, took turns going into the center to be passed limply around. As one girl fell toward a boy, he stepped back, seeing that to catch her he would have to touch her breasts. "She would have fallen if I hadn't grabbed her," said our fourteen-year-old.

Since then, research has established that these techniques come from various Behavioral Science centers, such as George Leonard's own Esalen Institute, the Western Behavioral Science Institute, and National Training Laboratories, an arm of the National Education Association.

Therefore, do not smile in amusement at the latest antics in the land of palm trees, prophets and peyote. Instead, go down to your own school, turn on the lights, and see if your own children are slithering across the floor to lie in piles like alligators, or shouting and crying in a group confessional like unholy rollers. They just might be.

Mill Valley, Calif. CARL AND NAN HEPP

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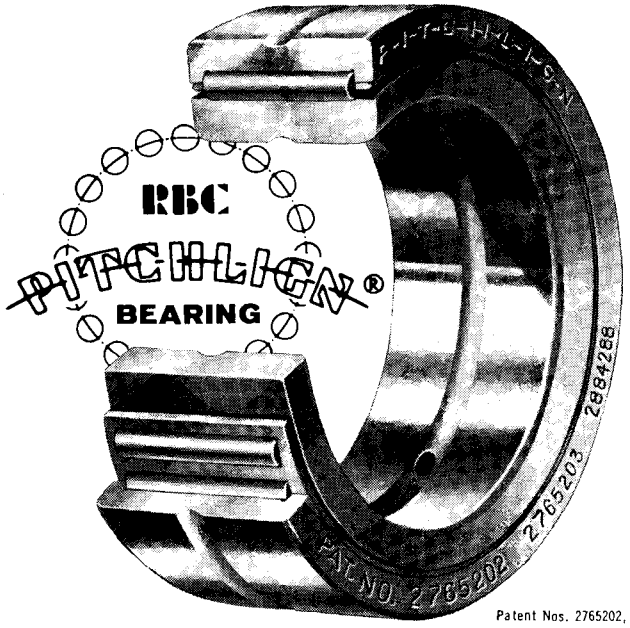

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Your reviewer of *Education and Ecstasy* finds the book great fun. Unfortunately, I can't because I'm living in a university where "T-groups" are the great fad and where young and middle-aged students are acting as though the Second Coming had happened at their last mini-encounter. The whole mad fad may be over by 1970 but the damage it has done will be with us for a long time.

I say damage because I've seen some of the problems the T-group concept can bring. Before your reviewer tosses off the Esalen Institute and its twins he should look into the extent of their influence on one university.

Eggertsville, N.Y. E. L. DAWSON

Southern Cal Strikes Back

Because Jeffrey Hart does not like Leonard or his book he indulges in the same regional snobbery (with even less art and accuracy) as *Newsweek*. Dr. Hart will be appalled to learn that he has aimed at the wrong target. Big Sur, Mr. Leonard's habitat, as any San Franciscan will insist, is not in Southern California. Likewise, the one-word sentences he uses to denigrate Southern California miss completely. He writes, "Big Sur. Disneyland. Bishop Pike. LSD." Why Disneyland? Say "Tivoli Garden." You now feel scorn for Copenhagen? Bishop Pike? True, the Bishop now lives in Santa Barbara, but he achieved his earlier fame as Episcopal Bishop in San Francisco. LSD? Since when is this a Southern California phenomenon? Its earliest public mention was related to Professor Leary at Harvard. It is well known in Chelsea, Greenwich Village, Haight-Ashbury, as well as on the Sunset Strip. Hart damns us with the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, but this was originally an offshoot of the Ford Foundation, which, with its offspring, would eschew identification with Southern California culture as vociferously as would Jeffrey Hart. And if, as Dr. Hart suggests, the California "sun beats down" and, "all of a sudden it occurs to you that Ike is a Communist," it must beat down on Belmont, Massachusetts, the headquarters of Dr. Hart's fellow New Englander, Robert Welch.

Out here we have a hard time deciding whether Southern California *needs* a defense or *deserves* one. It is disconcerting when a man of Jeffrey Hart's ability deals with the inaccurate presuppositions about us so inaccurately.

Pasadena, Cal. GEORGE D. JAGELS

McLuhania

Mr. Geoffrey Wagner does the American public considerable disservice by dismissing McLuhania as "intellectual hooliganism" ["The Charlatan as Saint," Nov. 19]. Although he is correct in much of his criticism of the McLuhan writings, there is an undercurrent of meaning which he fails to grasp.

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Mr. McLuhan has, for good or ill, keyed his peculiar theories of communication to the field of cybernetics, of the interaction of men with the mechanical systems around them. Although his presentation is kaleidoscopic and at times even hare-brained, it should not be dismissed as the word of a "highbrow clown." As Mr. Wagner notes, the writings contain an almost intransigent attitude of optimism toward the long-range effects of mass communication.

But, unlike your reviewer, I view both the thesis and the attitude as potentially serious threats to individual liberty. Among the general population there is as yet not even an inkling of counterforce to the massive growth of mechanical manipulation of their lives by industry and government.

San Antonio, Tex. J. F. C. MOORE

Marcusianism

Without saying so specifically, James Burnham has conjured up the specter of a Herbert Marcuse who is irreconcilably critical of American society—thereby categorizing him as "anti-American" ["Sock It to Us, Herbert," Nov. 19]. It must be clear to those reading Marcuse at close range that the examples he uses are symptomatic of society today, not specifically American society nor even "Western society," for he is equally critical and particularly scornful of repressive manifestations in the Communist world.

Marcuse, being Marxist-oriented, postulates that the free enterprise system is no longer responsive to the needs of Western society. Where once free enterprise had provided the drive to develop the wealth of the nation and the technological achievement of its institutions, it has now become, according to Marcuse, the instrument of repression, the corruptor of our values and the protector of the status quo. Conservatives will quite naturally take issue with these conclusions. But is it not possible that Marcuse's diagnosis might be constructive, and that our society (American society) might benefit from his insights? After all, is it true conservative wisdom to permit the demolition of our landmarks, the rape of our countryside, the poisoning of our air and the pollution of our rivers—all in the name of free enterprise?

New York, N.Y. RAYMOND LEARSY

I would suggest that Mr. Learsy read Marcuse, or, if he has read him, that he report him accurately. —*J.B.*

Wrong Orbit

This is in re the paragraph on Apollo 7 photographs [*NR* Nov. 19, p. 1150]. I am intimately familiar with the photographic program of Gemini and Apollo flights and assure you that there is absolutely no truth in this statement. I'm a little surprised that *NR* would print such information.

The Apollo photographs indeed are exceptional, but to say that they are orders of magnitude better than earlier photos because of "a very fancy film developed for the Air Force spy satellite" is stretching the truth.

First, many people have viewed *all* of the Apollo photographs. The excellent details that can be seen (especially from the earlier unmanned Apollo flight) are largely due to stero pairs—not to the use of special film.

Second, the resolution seen on a photograph is not appreciably greater because the length of the lens used was restricted by the Department of Defense. A six-inch-length lens was used on an early

(Continues on p. 1287)

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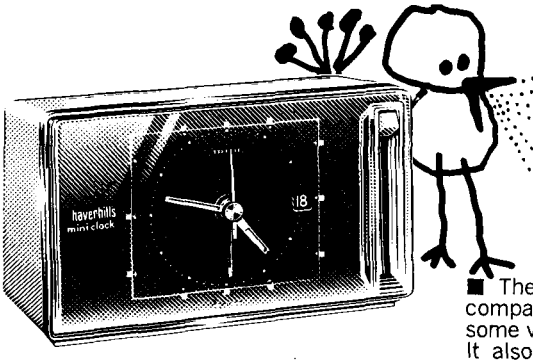

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THE WEEK

■ Senator Eugene McCarthy came to New York last week to introduce the Greek poet and Nobel laureate, Giorgios Seferis, at a poetry-reading. The Senator divulged that Mr. Seferis's verse had comforted him during his campaign for the Presidential nomination. He mentioned especially the poem, "Three Mules," which has to do with 1) a queen who is in a 2) cart drawn by 3) three (3) mules. Item #2 collapses. Senator McCarthy's exegesis contends that the McCarthy Queen came to grief in the Primary Campaign Cart because, well, the cart was carrying the will of God, which is a crushing burden ETAOIN ETAOIN. So here's Senator McCarthy confusing himself with a queen, or the will of God, or three asses. The whole damn poem probably loses something in translation.

■ George F. Kennan made the mistake of speaking seriously to the gaggle of global intellectuals brought together, courtesy of the Ford Foundation, by the International Association for Cultural Freedom. (See On the Right.) ("His audience did not seem particularly receptive to his diagnoses," underplayed the *New York Times* reporter, noting that said audience "to which he spoke after dinner at the Princeton Inn was," in a word, "liberal.") Two samples will suggest the credibility gap between speaker and listener that evening: 1) "The great conceptual gap between the established outlooks of our great society and the hopeful approach to the solution of some of our greatest problems . . . is a gap which is not likely to be filled either by the traditional postulates of American liberalism or by the angry, flamboyant demands of students mobs and black militants." 2) "I personally am satisfied that there will have to be, for the great majority of black people, a stage of voluntary separate development and local self-government to be lived through before we can hope to achieve a satisfactory relationship of the American Negro to the rest of the body politic. Until he finds his identity collectively, he will not, I fear, find it individually, and until he finds it he will not be able to relate to the rest of us on what he feels to be terms of equality." "*Separate development!*" Imagine if Spiro Agnew had said that!

■ U.S. Intelligence is convinced the Soviet Union will launch a manned around-the-moon flight before the end of the year. The final tipoff, according to the analysts, was a sudden retraction last month of the long-standing Soviet stress on the radiation hazard threatening lunar travelers. What this really meant was not that this Soviet opinion had changed—since it was only a cover-story in any case, to mask Soviet technical unreadiness and perhaps frighten NASA—but that the Russians are, on the technical side, now ready to go.

■ Shortly after the start of the Paris talks, Truong Chinh, number three man in the North Vietnamese politburo, gave a 23,000 word lecture to the Communist cadres in Hanoi. He said that North Vietnam's objective was to conquer South Vietnam and transform it into a "socialist society" using whatever "revolutionary violence" was necessary—purges, executions, torture, that sort of thing. Once that was accomplished the other states of Indochina—Loas and Cambodia—would have to be brought into the socialist sphere and then Hanoi would "bring liberation to the oppressed peoples" of the rest of Southeast Asia. Truong Chinh said military force and negotiation would be used alternately or simultaneously in this battle. He credited the "contradictions between the doves and the hawks in the American ruling class" with helping Hanoi in its objectives. It's all down there on paper, just as *Mein Kampf* was a generation or more ago. What it outlines is the domino theory.

■ While all the Pigs in the Infra-structure were slouching around supping over pumpkin pie and once-living feathered friends, the Hemispheric Conference to End the War in Vietnam convened in Montreal. Two thousand Left-overs from the United States, Canada and Latin America attended the "reunion" which took place at—are you listening?—the gymnasium of the Externat Classique Roman Catholic School. Wait; there's more. Despite the all-embracing cosmic inference of its intention (a vast all-embracing endeavor to combat the Ruskian Furies), the conference dispensed with Vietnam before one could even say Rumpelstiltskin. The war, of course, was characterized as a lascivious and prurient outgrowth of America's imperialism and IBM's; in the words of the assembly, another indication of "Pig mentality." With all of that finally out of the way, the Guest Speaker, some nobody named Bobby Seale, Black Panther leader and a very good friend of Eldridge Cleaver, was introduced. To the voluptuous ovations of the delegates (the fawning majority of whom were white) Mr. Seale stated the case for Black Rage and made the following demands.

—The "end of robbing by avaricious businessmen."
—Exemption of all Negroes from military service.
—Release of all "black brothers" from jails and prisons where they were sent by "racist juries." (You see, your Honor, Eldridge Cleaver is *not* a rapist; he was only . . . kidding.)
—Judgment of Negro defendants by "juries of their black peers."

Whereupon the conference adjourned, sine die.

■ The victory of Eisaku Sato, a good guy, in last week's Japanese elections can be credited to Sato's success in winning a promise from President Johnson to return

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Okinawa and the rest of the Ryukyu Islands, all lost during the war, to Japanese sovereignty. Socialists in Japan will be pressing their premier to make good on the promise, but President-elect Nixon may not be eager to cooperate. Socialist candidates, running on a pledge to phase out U. S. bases, won recent elections in the Ryukyus, and U. S. military commanders will advise Mr. Nixon against any step that would threaten continued American presence there.

■ Were it not for the continuing war between Nigeria and Biafra, Africa, the frontier of the New Frontier, the *raison d'etre* of the Peace Corps, would not have made its way into the news these months. Lloyd Garrison, African reporter for the *New York Times*, was struck by this thought the other day, jotted down his explanations, and concluded that no news is good news. The colorful ideologues of the early Sixties—Nkrumah, Ben Bella, Lumumba and the rest—all of whom made big splashes with the American news media, have been replaced by hard-working, anonymous technocrats whose first order of business is not to grab the headlines but to feed their hungry people.

■ Remember Juan Bosch? He was the liberals' perennial candidate to govern the Dominican Republic after the Trujillo regime was rubbed out. Spokesman for democracy, paragon of the non-Communist left, darling of the Alliance for Progress (remember, for that matter, the Alliance for Progress?), Professor Bosch got the old editorial smile-through-the-tears when he lost in a democratic election and Joaquín Balaguer became President and brought some order to the island. Bosch dabbled with one pale revolution and then went to Spain and sizzled. He now repudiates his past, calls for a popular dictatorship (remember Marx?), calls democracy a luxury only the developed nations can afford, and is exerting, as always, every effort to bring chaos to his country. Theodore Draper, the American journalist who was Bosch's principal p-r man, has yet to be heard from. He is presumably recovering in a darkened room at Maine Chance.

■ Yale has knuckled under to the coeducation fad. Not the coeducation idea, for which there is a lot to be said and which deserves thoughtful consideration. Nobody is thinking at Yale. The students have decided that there must be Coeducation Now; the administration has smiled and shuffled and allowed as how, well, heck, we gotta keep up with the times. And so five hundred girls will go to Yale next fall, to be swallowed up in a sea of nine thousand men. The students can't wait the three years it would take the university to provide room and teachers for 1500—a more reasonable figure, providing a somewhat more manageable male-to-female ratio. Now the dispute is over housing: Shall half the five hundred be placed in a single residential college and the other half in off-campus buildings owned by Yale, as President Kingman Brewster wishes; or shall the girls be "integrated"—scattered through the various residential colleges—as the student activists insist? (That, says Brewster in a masterpiece of periphrasis, would pose "a degree of ambiguity that is not acceptable in recruiting the type of women Yale deserves." Segregated or integrated, the poor things are little lost sacrificial lambs. Bah, bah, bah . . .

Mr. Kissinger

The appointment of Henry Kissinger by Richard Nixon to his critical post is very good news, say we. Say also a lot of other people, some of them unreliable judges of just what kind of a man the President of the United States ought to be listening to when it comes to foreign policy. Let us leave it that Mr. Kissinger is a practiced diplomatist, a finished scholar, a member of the faculty of the country's senior university, that he has stood at the right hand of Nelson Rockefeller: so that the profile is almost universally pleasing. But Mr. Kissinger is something a little unusual, and we choose to believe that it is this in him which above all commended him to the attention of Richard Nixon: he is a realist, a patriot, he sees a problem whole, is sometimes maybe a little dreamy on disarmament matters—but one cannot walk away from any of his books or articles, or know something about the history of his contributions to American strategic thinking, and be less than grateful for his appointment, and confident that he will render great service.

Waiting for Righty

It is unlikely that anything very important will happen in the Paris negotiations before the new Administration takes office. The Saigon government believes Mr. Nixon to be harder-line than Mr. Johnson, and less likely to agree to a sellout. President Thieu could not resist forever the American pressure to send a delegation to Paris, but he has proved himself a doughty foot-dragger. Even though it was several weeks ago that he said, Yes, we will go along, there is somehow one after another procedural delay: Thieu must assemble and brief his representatives, they've got to make their slow way to Paris, in Paris they've got to set up shop and get lodging, and there are all those sticky questions about the shape of the table (square, oblong, circular, triangular), the positions of the chairs, the flags and license plates for the autos, the titles and priorities. All this is no doubt rather annoying to Hanoi, which, reasoning just as Saigon does, wanted to get the talks moving while Johnson was still in the White House. But as always it is easier to stall than to accelerate.

Meanwhile events prove once more that these elab-

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orate negotiation-rituals haven't really much to do with peace, but are rather an integral part of the way we all make war nowadays. The big drop in casualties turns out to have been largely tactical after all; for a number of weeks now they have been rising on both sides to levels that would have been thought, a year or two ago, very formidable. The Demilitarized Zone seems to be as militarized as ever; thousands of Vietcong-North Vietnamese troops leave part of the northern front only to regroup on and across the Cambodian border; rocket and terrorist squads continue their assaults on the cities. We may hope President Nixon will not overlook the fact that in defining the nature of the peace that will eventually come, the shooting front in South Vietnam will be a good deal more decisive than the talking front in Paris.

The Riot Report

A book-length report has been issued on the question of the riots in Chicago during the Democratic National Convention, and the first thing to notice is the unusual manner in which the report was made public. To begin with, the "sponsor" of the report is the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, a blue-ribbon tribunal appointed by President Johnson the day after the murder of Senator Robert Kennedy.

But the NCCPV didn't really issue the report. It subcontracted it last September to one Daniel Walker, the lawyer-President of the Chicago Crime Commission and a long-time riser in Illinois Democratic politics. Mr. Walker collected a crew of 212 workers (it must have been a Democratic-size subcontract) and presided over a host of interviews, which boiled down to the report, of which only the 4,000-word introduction was written by Mr. Walker. The report, once printed, is rushed to the members of the NCCPV, but they can't all be found in time, and the NCCPV never does get around to saying it approves or disapproves—and whatthehell, they publish the thing anyway. History in the making?

The report says what we all know, that a lot of people misbehaved in Chicago besides the Democrats in convention assembled. The only serious historical question is whether the armed force of the state responded extravagantly, illegally, to a challenge to its very existence. Mr. Walker in his introduction decides that the Chicago police *as a department of government* must be found guilty. Mayor Daley warns that Mr. Walker's introduction distorts the report, and he urges everyone in the country to read the whole report and come to his own conclusions. The Chicago report reminds us of nothing so much as the Warren Report on the murder of President John Kennedy: what it says and whether it has arrived at historical truth is of less moment than the fact, of immense psychological value to democratic masses in a moment of uncertainty, that a given ambiguous and worrisome event Has Been Looked Into.

For the record: the box score in the statistical supplement to the report reads as follows: 192 policemen injured, 122 of them by flying objects, 49 of them hospitalized; 81 police vehicles damaged, including 24 with broken windshields. Of the demonstrators, 668 were arrested during the week, the majority of them under 26 years old and with no previous record of arrest. At least 101 demonstrators were hospitalized.

Djilas as Hero

Milovan Djilas is being wined and dined all over these days. He's in the country as a guest of Princeton, on a Woodrow Wilson fellowship, teaching, giving out interviews, talking with his American publisher; in general being made much of. And he has some interesting things to say. First, America must stay strong militarily if it hopes to cope with the Soviet Union. Second, he believes now, as he did when he wrote *The New Class,* that Communism as an ideology is bankrupt and that Soviet Russia is merely a continuation of Czarist imperialism. "The fact is that we now see that a revolution cannot change a nation. . . . Revolution only changes the form of power and poverty, but not the nation itself." Djilas deserves many of the honors he is receiving for his second thoughts about Communism and its future and the fight with Tito that earned him nine years in sunless Sremska Mitrovica jail.

But it shouldn't be entirely overlooked that he was Tito's second in command and heir apparent for the bloody years of the Second World War and the bloody years that followed in Communist Yugoslavia and that some of that blood is on his hands. And it shouldn't be forgotten that between 1941 and 1946 he was a sycophant of Stalin's: ". . . The sun without Stalin, would not shine." . . . "Stalin is the only statesman of pure conscience and unselfish heart." . . . "Is there any greater happiness or honor for the people and fighters than to be commended by Stalin, the architect of mankind's better destiny?" etc.

The late Whittaker Chambers would not have agreed with Djilas' thesis that Communism, as an ideology, is on the decline. But he put his finger on what it is that has made Djilas such a hero with the liberal West in a review of *The New Class* a decade or more ago (never published) in which Chambers elaborated the thesis that what really differentiates the Communist world from the Western world is that the Communists have a directing will, and the West has none.

"The West has laughed the word 'dialectic' and all that goes with it, to scorn. Yet, by a curious paradox, precisely what the West wished to be assured of was that the collapse of Communism is a 'dialectic' certainty, inevitable, without the West's having to exert a promoting and directing will to the force of the Communist will, or to the exigencies which the conflict with the Communist will enjoined. Any man who would tell

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the West that this was so, the West would take to its heart, even without scrutinizing too closely just what he had said. Of course, he must speak with enough authority, at least enough outward tokens of authority, to make it convincing.

"The name of that man turns out to be Milovan Djilas."

Crawling Back

You will perhaps remember that when the Soviet expeditionary force invaded Czechoslovakia three months ago, we were assured by nearly all our recognized pundits that Moscow had made its worst mistake yet, and that its move had just about completed the collapse of its hold over world Communism. For a couple of weeks this latter judgment, in particular, almost seemed to be getting confirmed by firm statements from Rumania, defiant declarations from Tito and condemnation of the invasion from the French, Italian and many other Communist parties of the West.

Weeks pass. Our heroes have grown sadder and wiser. Could it be they yakked so bravely in the immediate aftermath of the invasion only because they sensed that otherwise they would isolate themselves from indignant public opinion within their respective nations? But memory is short and words are fleeting. The Communist parties, cap in hand, knuckle under to the power that prevailed. Rumania hems and haws and declares she will welcome Warsaw Pact military exercises in the spring. (As Czechoslovakia welcomed them last summer?) The Western parties assemble at Budapest, mumble a bit and join in a Moscow-dictated announcement that all good Communists will get together in May for the general meeting the Kremlin has long wanted, to strengthen Communist unity in the global struggle against imperialism. Finally, bold Tito summons a press conference on the last day of November to report his discovery that things really aren't in bad shape after all, that he wants no part of any military support, direct or indirect, from the West, and that "there is no reason for us to be alarmed" by any Warsaw Pact maneuvers that might take place any time anywhere.

Treadmill to Oblivion

In the 1965 New York mayoralty campaign, one of the bolder claims made for John V. Lindsay was that "he is fresh—all the others are tired." Three years later everybody is tired, the Mayor included. Since Lindsay took office the city has endured a subway strike during which everyone had to walk or bum a ride to work, a sanitationmen's strike in which garbage heaps on every street grew daily larger and more fragrant, four teachers' strikes that impeded the already inadequate education of the city's children, and countless smaller but painfully dislocating actions by moving men, welfare workers, cab drivers and others. Now it is mid-December and people's lights are dimming and flickering ominously because the electric utility is being struck, there is violence in the schools and the teachers could go back on strike at any moment, the police are threatening a slow-down to get higher pay, if they get a raise so must the other uniformed services—the firemen, the sanitationmen, the subway police.

Not that strikes are the only problems. In the ghettos, unemployment remains high and housing continues to deteriorate. The middle class, white and black, is scared to death to step outside its homes—but step outside it must, often for good, because rents on middle-income apartments have risen 50 to 100 per cent in four years. The welfare roll has passed 900,000, headed for a million recipients. Taxes are up.

And then there are the smaller but more immediate, day-to-day annoyances: on the way to buy a 55-cent pack of cigarettes, the car breaks a spring because New York City streets are the roughest, worst-maintained in the country. The garage doesn't know when it can fix

Crab Bait

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the spring because it can't find a qualified mechanic, call Al's Garage in College Point. The first three pay telephones have been vandalized; the fourth booth has no directory; after a four-minute wait, Information gives the wrong number; the citizen has used his last dime. A sign on a passing bus urges him to "Dream a Butterfly." He heaves a polluted sigh. He would cheerfully leave town for good but the planes are stacked up over Kennedy airport, forever.

Daily life in New York is a poignant testament to 1) the ability of the average man to muddle through—at deadly peril to his lung tissue, coronary arteries, stomach lining and sanity, and 2) the growing difficulty of governing large cities. Despite which difficulties, a gaggle of Democrats is feuding over the right to succeed Mayor Lindsay. The first to announce publicly his desire for the nomination is James Scheuer, whose opening gun is a charge that the Lindsay administration "has slid from crisis to crisis." Like the Lindsay of 1965, Scheuer looks fresh as all hell. He will run on what is called a "reform ticket," just as Lindsay did. Lindsay was a new broom which, we were promised, would sweep out the dead-center Old Politics and thus unsnarl traffic, clean the air, feed the hungry and shelter the homeless. Instead, his administration has, well, slid from crisis to crisis. The Old Politics—a bewildering and faintly sinister coalition of entrenched bureaucrats, old-style ward and precinct bosses, bloated labor leaders, gangsters and shady operators—did, quite frankly, a better job of keeping the city alive and breathing. Perhaps it could not do so today, problems and crises having proliferated in three years; but one is almost tempted to cry, "throw the rascals back in." Clearly, the New Politics of reform is not working. It has been a flop under Lindsay, who—says Drew Pearson and a lot of other people—is politically dead (a disunited Democratic Party might restore him to life, not that there's a dime's worth of difference). It will do no better as practiced by bright, young, energetic, *fresh* Mr. Scheuer, if he runs and wins, or by any other of the reform Democratic hopefuls—Herman Badillo, Puerto Rican borough president of the Bronx, the Lindsay-esque William Fitts Ryan, peacenik Paul O'Dwyer.

And that is because, to the harm and sorrow of a great city, "reform" always turns out to be a matter of rhetoric divorced from the realities of power and interest. Time and again the weary voice of Mayor Lindsay is heard: this strike "cannot be tolerated," that slowdown "must not be permitted" to endanger the city and its people; the people "will not stand for" this situation, we must all "work together to overcome" that crisis. Behind the words, no power—no application of laws forbidding strikes by public employees, no open-eyed manipulation of conflicting interests, no political horse-trading to get things done, no action to control crime, vandalism, demonstrations, riots, consumer fraud. Just words, sounding ever hollower and less comforting as the city grinds squirming towards its bitter destiny.

General Hershey

The Left is giving the Administration-elect a lot of foolish advice on appointments these days, but one suggestion that seems worth supporting is the recommended retirement, effective January 20, of Selective Service Director Lewis B. Hershey. General Hershey is ill-equipped to continue in his present position not because of his advanced age, nor because of any alleged infirmities, but simply because he has, through his public pronouncements, given a distinctively Hershey tinge to an agency that requires a bureaucrat of the most colorless sort at its head. General Hershey's directive to local draft boards last October, aimed at Vietnam protestors but in defiance of Selective Service regulations, was particularly conspicuous and therefore undesirable. His kind words for George Wallace during the Presidential campaign contributed greatly to the politicalization of an office that must be nonpolitical.

NATIONAL REVIEW is on record as in favor of a volunteer military, to be instituted at such time as the war in Vietnam is terminated and the Joint Chiefs of Staff have judged that a volunteer military can adequately serve the defense needs of the country. Until that time, the draft is reality, a harsh one for many young men and their families but less harsh in proportion as all Americans are assured of the impartiality and nonpolitical nature of the Selective Service System. We hope that General Hershey will see the advisability of his retirement, and that President Nixon will accept his resignation, at which time we shall applaud the General for long and faithful service to his country.

Inscrutability Gap

It's amazing. All Red China has to do is forget to sound as nasty this week as she did last, and—*whoosh!*—winds of change are blowing, warm perfumed breezes from the East. The pundits hasten to assure that *now* China is ready to rejoin the human race, *now* we can work together toward relaxation of tensions, *now* is the time to end the isolation of China, and see that twitch, that little twitch there at the corner of the mouth? See it? Isn't it a smile? The beginning of a smile? Maybe the end of a frown?

One such flurry came in 1955 when Chou En-lai suggested negotiations between the two, to Relax Tensions. The very first ambassadorial contact took place that same August. The 134th such meeting in *that* series took place early this year. And in thirteen years, ambassadorial contacts have accomplished the release of some civilian prisoners. Period. Beyond that, the Chinese have insisted at every meeting that before anything else can be discussed, the United States must remove its forces from the "Province of Taiwan" (Free China) and the Formosa Straits.

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Now another flurry, in the wake of Peking's suggestion that Meeting No. 135 be held in Warsaw, February 20, and that at it the parties should discuss signing an agreement on the "five principles of peaceful coexistence." *Whoosh!* China is becoming more reasonable! Peking is shifting to a flexible policy! Peking wants a relaxation of tensions! See that twitch? . . .

Those "five principles" are: 1) mutual respect for territorial integrity, 2) mutual nonagression, 3) mutual noninterference in internal affairs, 4) equality and mutual benefit and, uh, 5) peaceful coexistence. They were signed by China and India in 1954, and remember what happened to India? And anyway, the Chinese later amplified their first statement, to remind us that agreement on peaceful coexistence is Step 2, Step 1 being, yes, abandonment of Nationalist China. So it seems that, really, nothing has changed. Perhaps China hopes that a new team in Washington will mean new opportunities for propaganda at the expense of the United States; anyway a representative of the new Administration will meet with the Chinese in February. We hope he will go to the meeting with both eyes open and both hands in his pockets.

On the Monetary Front

Well, everyone is agreed on one thing at least. The "system," the International Monetary Fund and its ancillary arrangements as they have grown since 1944, has got to be reformed. Most of the observers who have reached this conclusion have reached it because, after three seismic monetary disturbances in thirteen months, their patience is gutted. Actually the system was doomed to failure years ago, when it became apparent that the role of the system had been reversed. A word of explanation:

In the beginning, at Bretton Woods in 1944, the leading Western nations agreed to set up a system of narrowly fixed exchange rates for all the major currencies. The purpose of fixing the exchange rates was to provide steady and easily calculable conditions for arranging international commerce. The movement of goods was the prime objective, and fixed exchange rates were to serve that movement. Precisely the opposite now obtains. The maintenance of established exchange rates has become the prime objective of international monetary policy, and the movement of goods must be sacrificed to that goal. Britain institutes all sorts of penalties for importers. France has currency blocks. Germany raises the tax on exports. The U.S. asks countries such as Japan and Germany to "voluntarily" limit their exports to the U.S. Quotas, embargoes, interferences in trade have become the order of the day, all for the greater glory of an exchange rate decided a generation ago, by fiat, in the mountains of New Hampshire. The servant has become the master—and the former masters are restless. It is simply not in the cards that the French or the Germans or the British or the Americans will tolerate, for long, any noticeable degree of austerity merely for the sake of the ghosts of Bretton Woods.

Thus the price of gold continued its rise even after the "settlement" of the most recent monetary tremor. Gold was attractive some years ago when the major Western currencies began to suffer from chronic inflation, and is even more attractive now when the "system" has proven itself incapable of maintaining monetary order. For it has been the system, and only the system, that has sheltered the inflation-ridden currencies from the winds of monetary retribution. Watch and see: when the system goes, then too the current constellation of parities with gold will also go. The gnomes of Zurich practice stronger magic than the gnomes of New Hampshire.

Toujours de Gaulle

And so de Gaulle, embattled and embittered,
With Frenchmen carting francs across the Rhine,
Abandons an imperium which glittered
To rule a rump republic in decline.
He's still the master of the unexpected.
(The British carry bruises, tender still.)
Despite the odds, the man gets re-elected!
He *loves* to give Canadians a thrill.
And now, again, outnumbered and surrounded,
With Germans acting uppity in Bonn;
The Franc awash; embarrassed, harassed; hounded,
The man "too poor to bow" assumes the con.
Still, haunted by my memories, I think
How he serenely watched the dollar sink.

—W. H. VON DREELE

What Next for the Church?

Look Magazine, which devotes on average an article a month to the problems of the Catholic Church, suggests in its current issue that perhaps Pope Paul should retire. ("In their agony over birth control, Catholics are asking: SHOULD THE POPE RETIRE?") Better still, Pope Paul should first call Vatican III into session, then retire so that "the new Council—of the whole Church"—could elect a new Pope who, *Look* tells us, should not be an Italian and should rule from some city other than Rome. Out of the tensions of the past could emerge "a modified constitutional papacy, marked by fixed terms of office [popes retirable at seventy-five]. The latter would set the pattern for an episcopal leadership that emerges from the entire Church—from all the people."

The article quotes Bishop DeRoo of Victoria, British Columbia, in the observation that "*Humanae Vitae* did not create a crisis in the Church. It revealed it. It is," Bishop DeRoo continues, "a crisis of growth. The consequences of Vatican II are beginning to take hold

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among the people—thus the violent reaction to a document that apparently ignored Vatican II."

The alternative to a tidy constitutional papacy, says *Look*, "is a return to an absolute monarchical papacy" the backlash from which, *Look* assures us, "would find the Pope and his court alone."

According to *Il Borghese*, the influential Italian conservative magazine that keeps in close touch with the Vatican, Pope Paul may indeed be contemplating calling Vatican III into session. But the purpose of the new Council would be to reverse what the Pope now believes are the dangerous progressive trends set in motion by Vatican II and which he fears are endangering the very foundations of the Church. *Il Borghese* predicts that Vatican III would set a *nuovo corso* away from the liberal trends of the last decade. Further, says *Il Borghese,* "the decision has finally been taken to use the iron fist in dangerous situations" and Sweden, which is considered even further gone than Holland (and which has many fewer Catholics), will be first to feel the "*pugno di ferro.*"

From the events of the past six months it would seem that Pope Paul is inclining less towards the course suggested by *Look* Magazine than towards that predicted by *Il Borghese* and counseled by the Holy Ghost.

Pandora's Fifth

"We would get along just as well if we repealed the Fifth Amendment," former New York governor Thomas E. Dewey told a meeting of the Federal Bar Council on November 27. Mr. Dewey's specific reference was to the so-called "self-incrimination clause" of the Fifth Amendment, which reads in its constitutional totality: "No person . . . shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." It is principally out of those few small words that the Supreme Court, over the past several decades, has drawn the intricate, ever-expanding structure of rules and prohibitions that jam the channels of justice and frequently serve, in Mr. Dewey's words, "to protect the guilty and not the innocent."

"There is no reason," Mr. Dewey insisted, "why people should not answer legitimate questions." As things stand, of course, not only may anyone refuse to answer merely by alleging—truly or falsely—the possibility of self-incrimination; judges, prosecuting attorneys, government administrators, school boards and security officers are not even permitted under the Court's rulings to comment on the fact of the refusal or its possible significance or to base any adverse action on it. Mr. Dewey went on with his common-sense analysis: "We should require everyone to answer authorized questions. If he doesn't testify, then the judge and the court should comment on it."

Mr. Dewey and a good part of his audience undoubtedly recalled, as a concurring footnote to his brief that night, an opinion delivered more than three decades ago, wherein Justice Cardozo, for a majority of the Supreme Court, commented: "Indeed, today as in the past, there are students of our penal system who look upon the immunity [i.e., the self-incrimination clause] as a mischief rather than a benefit, and who would limit its scope or destroy it altogether. No doubt there would remain the need to give protection against torture, physical or mental. Justice, however, would not perish if the accused were subject to a duty to respond to orderly inquiry." Mr. Dewey concluded with an endorsement of the constitutional amendment, proposed by Judge Henry J. Friendly of the U.S. Court of Appeals, that would reverse a number of criminal-coddling and court-cluttering decisions of the Court and restrict its colossal blow-up of the Fifth.

There'll Always Be an England

Biafra, battling alone
For land we label Britain's Zone
Appreciates the mercy runs,
But victories are won with guns.

The Ibos obviously feel
The food, although it means a meal
For all the walking skeletons,
Is not a substitute for guns.

If, fattened for the final kill,
Biafra bows to Britain's will,
Remember, ministers and nuns:
The perfidy was Albion's.

—W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Turning again to the mailbag:

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT
Richard M. Nixon
450 Park Avenue, New York 10022

Dear Mr. Buckley [what follows is a form letter]:

Your name has been suggested to the incoming Administration for appointment to high federal office. It is our responsibility in such cases to obtain full information concerning your qualifications and possible availability for such an appointment, although our doing so does not imply that such an appointment is being sought or will be offered. If you might under any circumstance be available to accept such an appointment and serve in the new Administration, either now or in the future, we would greatly appreciate your prompt completion and

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return of the enclosed form to this office. All responses will be held in confidence and used only for the purpose described above, i.e. to obtain information concerning your qualifications and possible availability for appointment to high federal office. Thank you for your cooperation and assistance.

Sincerely, C. Calvert Knudsen

For the benefit of those who desire to practice answering such forms, here are the questions asked:

Name, business address, business phone, home address, home phone, social security number, date, age, birth date, birth place, sex, height, weight, citizenship, health, marital status, number of marriages, wife's maiden name, birth place, birth date, children's name and age, snapshot (not required, but can be attached here if you desire), father's name, address, mother's maiden name, address, education, Elementary, High School, Colleges, Name, Dates, Location, Degrees, Language competence, college major, college minor, fields of graduate study, honors, scholarships, fellowships, awards, special recognition, Career History. Please account for All Time Since High School (Use Extra Sheets if Necessary), Include Beginning and Ending Salaries for Each Position, List three Persons Whom (ouch!) You Believe Would Recommend You for Federal Office: Name, Position, Company, Address, Phone, Personal or Business Relationship to you, Military Record, Have You Ever Been Employed by the Government as a Civilian? Have you ever been charged with or convicted of a felony or serious misdemeanor? Explain fully, if yes (Omit traffic violations). Do you have any reservation about making a full disclosure of your financial affairs in case of appointment? Have you Ever Obtained a Federal Security Clearance? Specific Political Experience and/or Offices Held and Political Affiliation. Hobbies, Special Activities, and Areas of Special Interest (almost through). State your present and past memberships and positions held in Professional, Scientific, Business or Cultural Societies & Conferences, List Publications you have authored, List memberships in Clubs and other Social Organizations. Please describe what positions in the Federal Government you believe yourself to be best suited for. State briefly any special qualifications you have for each such position. Please state in brief paragraph what you consider to be your most outstanding achievement. Foreign Travel (Do not include residence abroad): Central & South America, Europe, Orient, Africa, Middle East, Far East, Russia, China, Time Spent, Aggregate Time Spent (All Trips) Residence Abroad (Area, time spent and purpose, i.e. business, military service, government service, other).

There. One wonders how that form was filled out by Professor Henry Kissinger. In secret ink?

"If he doesn't change into a beautiful prince soon, I'm afraid she's stuck with an enchanted frog."

Dear Mr. Buckley:

What on earth is going on between Ayn Rand and Nathaniel Branden, her St. Peter? Do you happen to know? Curious

No, but I have here an article addressed "To Whom It May Concern" signed by Miss Rand which, in highly non-objectivist prose, says some very uncomplimentary things about Nathaniel Branden and the Nathaniel Branden Institute as administered by Nathaniel Branden, even accusing him of an attitude "that can best be described as authority-flaunting, unserious and, at times, undignified!"—which surely *could* be better described by a professional novelist? And do you want to know the worst of it? Well, Mr. Branden got himself some "psycho-epistemological" problems. This you don't do if you're head of the Nathaniel B-RAND-(get it)-en Institute. "I was shocked to discover," says Miss Rand, "that he was consistently failing to apply to his own personal life and conduct, not only the fundamental philosophical principles of Objectivism, but also the psychological principles he himself had enunciated and had written and lectured about. For example: he was unable or unwilling to identify the motivation of some of his actions or the nature of his long-range goals; he admitted that in many respects he was acting on the basis of unidentified feelings." *Anathema sit!* Said unidentified feelings are progressively identifiable, or so Miss Rand suggests a few pages later, on reporting that when her attorneys arrived to take hold of her property, Mr. Branden and his wife . . . "began to act in a matter which has been described to me as unbelievably hysterical. They screamed insults, threats, and accusations against me to my attorney and to their own staff"—and then, the meiotic masterpiece of the year, "The substance of their accusations was that I had been unjust to them." And, the objectivist's evaluation of it all: "Since this change in their attitude occurred when they realized that my business association with them was finished and that the gold mine involved in the use of my name was shut down, draw your own conclusions about the cause and motive of their behavior."

Remember, these were the people who were telling the rest of the world how to reach nirvana. By being like them. **—WFB**

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JAMES BURNHAM

HOW QUIET ON THE SOUTHERN FRONT?

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

Several months ago (*NR*, Aug. 27) I reported that guerrilla action in Rhodesia "completes a vast front that runs from the mouth of the Congo on the west coast to Cape Delgado on the east. The entire 'southern fortress' is now under siege."

I based that report on what were presented in the European and African press as first-hand accounts of the revolutionary organizations and their activities and on what Rhodesian, South African and Portuguese officials had been saying (or implying).

It is difficult, indeed impossible, to be sure of the detailed truth in these matters. Direct observation is by the nature of the case limited and erratic. Both sides—all sides, rather, there being usually more than two parties at interest—use psychological warfare as a primary weapon system. The revolutionists, in order to impress their backers and admirers and to make themselves appear as a broad movement of national liberation instead of a gang of cutthroats, exaggerate the extent of their enterprise. The defending government wants to put across the notion that the guerrillas *are* just a motley gang of criminals and neurotics egged on by alien ideas and forces, but at the same time it has got to motivate the necessary security measures. Still, we can sometimes filter out reasonably accurate information.

From South of the Zambesi

A Rhodesian correspondent, who not long ago happened to see my August 27 report, writes in comment thereon, and sends also a brochure, "Zambesi—Red Frontier," published in October by the Rhodesian Ministry of Information. This brochure incorporates photographs of weapons, mostly Chinese and Russian, described as "captured terrorist weapons," and of counter-guerrilla operations. Its description and history of the guerrilla (terrorist) organizations does not differ materially from that given by the more responsible anti-Rhodesian sources.

I have no reason to question my correspondent's good faith, granted his political perspective. He feels, I gather, that I have somewhat overrated the revolutionaries, though he "would not dispute the general angle of your argument that Rhodesia is the newest link in the chain of the Southern Fortress and is a major front in the third world war."

I here quote, as raw data for evaluation, some of his statements concerning this still little-noticed front.

"Since the end of July 1968 there have been no incidents with terrorists in Rhodesia and things are generally peaceful on our northern border. Nevertheless, the police and army are very much on guard.

"The terrorists have no fixed bases [inside Rhodesia] at present (in fact only had one until destroyed by our air force) and we believe we have found all the arms caches to date. In one of the last raids in May, three high officials of ZAPU [the Soviet-oriented Nationalist organization], dressed in General Staff uniforms, came to 'inspect their troops' in Rhodesia. All three were killed by our SAS (elite para-commando unit)—much to the anger of Intelligence.

"The main reasons for our success to date are as follows:

"1) The main inhabitants of the Zambesi region are the Batonka tribe. They hate any non-Batonka Africans in their area and cooperate readily with the police. They also received generous treatment when re-settled after the Kariba dam was built and are fairly pro-government.

"2) Our intelligence system is very good and most, if not all, raids are known of in advance. When we fail to contact a group it is usually because they have lost their way.

"3) The pure ineptitude of the terrorists to date—although the latest Chinese-trained ones are much better than the old Russian-trained ones. An example is when the power lines to Lusaka [Zambia] from Kariba were blown up some months back. [Zambian President] Kaunda cried, 'Sabotage,' which indeed it was. A party of terrorists on its way to destroy Rhodesian power lines had lost its way and destroyed the first pylons it came across.

And Beyond the Limpopo

"4) The efficiency of the police (which has borne the brunt of the fighting so far). The police have been trained in anti-guerrilla tactics since the Malayan insurgency in the early '50s. These tactics were further developed in the early '60s, when the Nationalists, then legal parties in Rhodesia, were using arson, sabotage and terror as political weapons.

"5) The friendship and trust of the African, without which we would be really lost. The African remembers when he had to barricade his windows at night to avoid Nationalist-revolutionary petrol bombs and when he could not leave his house after dark for fear of attack. In fact, I heard recently of an African joining the Rhodesian Front, and on enquiring further I found he is one of a considerable number who has done so. This particular one said he owed everything to the RF. He had a good job with the oil company, a house which did not need shuttering at night. His children were at school and life was pleasant compared to when the Nationalists had been at large.

"My facts for the above statements are drawn from friends who are police, territorials [militia] or farmers in the northern area. I have verified them all as best I can before writing them down.

"Finally, all terrorists except one group so far captured have been heading for South Africa rather than Rhodesia itself." □

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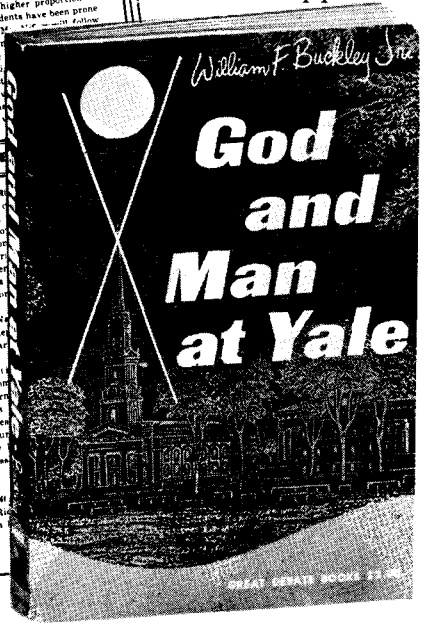

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CONSERVATIVE-LIBERAL DIALOGUE II

What's poverty? Who are the poor? Can we do anything about them? Yes, says the author, and comes up with concrete proposals that include variations on the theme of Milton Friedman's negative income tax

Ending the Welfare Mess

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

LIBERAL: It is a shame that a country as wealthy as ours—the wealthiest country in the world—allows so many people to live in misery.

CONSERVATIVE: Allows?

L: No, I don't mean the poor volunteer for poverty. They don't want to be poor. And we can and should help them to live better. We must solve the problem of poverty.

C: Don't we spend immense amounts of money doing just that—more than was ever spent before by any country?

L: Not enough; and we spend humiliatingly and bureaucratically. The poor are still there—worse off than ever in the midst of plenty. Nothing we do seems to help.

C: Well, then why do you think spending more would?

L: What else? We must spend more and in new ways.

C: One reason for our failure may be that we have done just what you urge: whenever the old programs did not prove effective enough we added some new ones and spent some additional money. Though there is plenty of fancy rhetoric—"wars" against poverty, etc. —no one has even outlined what *specifically* and quantitatively is to be achieved!

The result is a wasteful, ineffective hodgepodge of overlapping local, state and federal welfare programs. They support a resentful yet steadily increasing welfare population and a bureaucracy increasing even faster. Actually the poor population is *decreasing* rapidly; paradoxically, the welfare population is *increasing* even more rapidly.

L: Surely the poor population is not decreasing? Or is the war on poverty that effective? It was started because the poor population was not decreasing.

C: I doubt that: the size of the group classified as poor has rapidly declined since the turn of the century.

L: Perhaps we were worse off in the nineteenth century. But our problem is now. We have too many poor in the twentieth century.

C: "Too many" implies a comparison to some standard—either the past, or some ideal. Let me consider both. If we follow the present definition of the Social Security Administration, and classify as poor all those families (defined as four persons, in urban areas) receiving (in dollars of 1964 purchasing power) less than $3,130 a year (or in dollars of 1967 purchasing power, less than $3,300), we find that at the turn of the century nearly 90 per cent of all families were "poor"; in 1920 about 50 per cent, in 1962 about 20 per cent, in 1966 about 15-16 per cent. In 1967, about 11 per cent—5.3 million families out of 49.8 million (less than ⅛ of all American families) were poor. This is a performance never equalled anywhere, at any time. It is ignored by our intellectuals—perhaps because it was done, in the main, by the free market and not by the government.

L: But what about the remaining 11 per cent of our families who do not live on a decent scale?

C: If poverty were to decrease in the future at the same rate as in the past, there would be no poor left within twenty years.

L: Sounds good. Do you really believe it will happen?

C: No. Poverty will not disappear; and, unfortunately, it will decrease at a slower rate from now on because of two obstacles.

Poverty cannot disappear because the definition of "poor" is neither fixed nor objective. It is odd that liberals don't realize this. They believe there is an objective, absolute and fixed standard of "poverty" although they do not regard other moral ideas as fixed or objective—let alone absolute. They don't even realize that "poverty" is a moral idea. Yet "poverty" is a social evaluation of people's purchasing ability. The evaluation springs from the current middle class scale of living. Any family with an income by more than ⅔ below the average middle class income is "poor." As middle class income rises so does the income that must be received if one is not to be poor. Hence, "the poor ye will always have with you"—by definition: "the poor" are those in the lowest segment of the income distribution.

L: So we may not altogether eliminate poverty. Can nothing be done about it?

C: We can reduce the size of the "poor" group; and the degree of poverty the poor suffer—the gap between them and the lower middle class.

Which is what we have done. I already pointed out the amazing reduction of the proportion of poor people in the population. It is difficult to measure the gap between poor and non-poor at various times. Perhaps it is enough to know that the poorest 11 per cent

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of our population—"the poor"—live much better—command much more purchasing power—than 60 per cent of the families in the Soviet Union. Our poorest Negroes command about ten times as much purchasing power as their African contemporaries. (The average Negro commands as much as the average French or Italian worker.)

L: Why then are poor Negroes so unhappy if they are not that poor?

C: They don't identify themselves with Africans—despite all the fantasy talk—or Europeans. They compare themselves with white Americans. And they have less; which, understandably, they resent. Indeed, if there are fewer poor, they resent their poverty more.

L: Can we reduce the number of poor, and their poverty, more than we have?

C: We can. But we cannot hope to make progress as fast as in the past. For one thing the "war against poverty" has created agencies and bureaucrats with a vested interest in the poor—they make their living and derive their power and status from the existence of the poor. They will not let their clientele disappear. Some present poor have a symbiotic interest: it pays more for them to be "poor" than to work. I do not know how important this antagonistic symbiosis is. But in the past no one had an interest in being poor and very few people could gain status, or make a living, by being poverty experts, or bureaucrats. Whereupon poverty rapidly diminished. Now we may get some iatrogenic poverty.

More important than this, the poor who still are poor often are people—unlike those who were poor in the past—whose poverty is not simply explained by remediable external conditions, such as unemployment or lack of skill. They are sometimes unemployable, more often hard to employ, because of physical and psychological defects; others are incapable of acquiring a skill or not "motivated" enough (i.e., unwilling) to do so. This is to be expected. Most of the mobile poor, those who simply lacked opportunities, no longer are poor. We have reached the bottom of the barrel. Many of the families still poor have characteristics which reduce employment and earning ability even when opportunity is present. Finally, unless you leave a sizable difference between the income of the poor through welfare, and the income independently achieved by the non-poor, the latter not only will resent welfare measures—they may give up their efforts to make it on their own.

L: So you would give up in turn?

C: No. I would urge programs that instead of encouraging dependency—poverty as a way of life—would encourage and help people to become independent, to earn their own living.

L: Can that be done? If so, why isn't it being done?

C: It cannot be done with all the poor. But certainly with many with whom no serious attempt is made today. The "war" on poverty has largely turned out to be an attempt to organize the poor as such, *to make them a permanent "class conscious" group*—which is altogether inconsistent with helping them individually to overcome poverty. The whole philosophy of the war on poverty is, to put it mildly, absurd: 1) our government spends taxpayers' money to create pressure—even riots—against itself and the taxpayers; 2) not only are the poor organized by the government to blackmail it—they are also organized to remain poor. The government does not so much attempt to make it easier for individuals to leave the group, as to make membership less unattractive by giving members the means to exercise pressure on the community and on the government, to get higher assistance payments, various amenities, etc. The poor are given few opportunities and little help to leave poverty behind.

Who Are *The Poor?*

L: In your view, what should we do instead?

C: Let me first give you an idea of who the poor are.

According to government data and standards, there are (1967) about 5.3 million poor families (about 25.9 million poor persons); 25 per cent of these have family heads who are over 65 years old: 22 per cent are headed by women. The remaining (about) 50 per cent of all poor families have employed family heads, who do not earn enough to get the family above the poverty line. One-third of all poor families are black (a much higher percentage of the black than of the white population).

One other point: 15 per cent of all poor families have five or more children; 40 per cent of all poor persons are under eighteen years of age.

In the light of these data, a satisfactory welfare system must attempt three things which are not always easy to reconcile.

1) We must provide in the simplest way—with the least administrative cost—for those who cannot provide for themselves and are unlikely ever to be able to, while yet trying to encourage them to do what they can to earn money. Above all, we must try to reduce the number of people in this permanently dependent class.

2) We must persuade poor families not to have more children than rich families do, a) by making contraception easier for them, b) by making it more rewarding to have fewer children and less rewarding to have more.

3) We must help those who work but earn less than they need to go above the poverty level—to earn more by a) up-grading their skills and giving them better opportunities; b) subsidizing them meanwhile in such a way as to encourage them to continue to earn and to increase their earnings. At present, higher earnings—often any earnings—are penalized by deduction of these earnings from the welfare subsidy, sometimes by deductions greater than the earnings. This means that people who can work, but cannot earn much, do better not working. They are helped more if they give up than if they keep trying.

L: The principles are fine. But what do you propose concretely? What will you do about slums, low wages, no jobs, no skills, too many children, too little education, destitute old age? Do you propose a guaranteed annual income? A negative income tax? The government as employer of last resort? Subsidies for businesses to employ "unemployables"?

C: Well, let me start with the group regarded as least promising: families headed by people over sixty-five. Here Milton Friedman's "negative income tax"—a subsidy to those who have less than the minimum income, that decreases with higher income in such a way as not to impair the incentive to earn the higher income—would be appropriate. This subsidy would be given on the mere income and age declaration of the recipient. (Some cases would be investigated as some positive income tax declarations are. But not all.) This would greatly simplify administration.

The main emergency help elderly people need in addition to regular welfare payments is for medical expenses. These are now taken care of by Medicare. Hence I would give this group a subsidy in the form of a "negative income tax"—nothing less and nothing more. No schedule of allowances for this and that. A "block subsidy" in a

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form that encourages private earnings and in an amount that makes these desirable, but not indispensable.

L: What about emergencies or special cases?

C: Private charity in the past carried the total burden. I think it is able to help in special cases, and can do so much better than the government. Let me repeat: no schedule of allowances. The negative income tax—i.e. a block subsidy—plus what Medicare, pensions, etc. are already providing.

L: You assume that people over 65 are unlikely to earn money by working?

C: No; they are less likely to be employable than people under 65, but many people in this age bracket can and will work, at least part time. The negative income tax would not reduce incentive.

Minimum Quackery

However, something else does. Elderly people often cannot work as well or as steadily as younger people. Therefore employers will not hire them—at least not at the same wage they pay younger people. Hence, they remain unemployed. This problem can be solved only if, by law a) union contracts would permit the hiring of people over 65 at non-union wages; b) minimum wage laws exempt people over 65 (as well as, for similar reasons, people under twenty). (I would exempt everybody. Together with all leading economists, I regard minimum wages as political quackery, helpful to demagogues, harmful to those allegedly benefited. But each exemption is a step forward. And these are the most essential steps.)

L: The old might then get very low wages; while employers would get high profits from exploiting them. This may even impair the wages now paid to people under sixty-five.

C: I think these fears are groundless. To be sure, wages for less productive workers would be lower. But a low wage is better than none. And employers would not pay the wages they pay more productive workers. Setting the wage higher than the productivity of these workers warrants—as seen by employers who do the hiring—means simply that they won't be hired. (This is what happens now to Negro adolescents, compliments of their friendly liberal patrons.) If the wage seems too low to the employable older workers in question, they won't accept it. They would get a higher subsidy then—but still have less altogether than they would get if they are employed. Right now they do not have this choice. They simply are compelled to remain unemployed.

L: I don't think the unions will like this anyway.

C: Probably not. They seldom like anything new. I'd be writing by candlelight if we had depended on them. But it won't harm them and they can live with it.

Old people should not be discarded from the productive process and compelled to retire into inactivity and poverty. They should be allowed and encouraged to work and earn to the extent of their inclination and ability—a privilege now given only independent entrepreneurs and professionals, and withheld from workers and employees, largely by their own unions.

L: OK, let's go on to the next group: female family heads, many with five or more children.

C: Such families are usually poor because the father has deserted and does not support them and the mother has to take care of the children and, therefore, can earn only very little money if any. We need answers to two questions: a) what can be done to improve the lot of these families; b) what can be done to discourage other men from deserting and women from being left with their children.

L: Well, do you intend to punish them for bringing children into the world whom they cannot support?

C: If conception were deliberate, or even merely inadvertent, a case for punishment could be made; but it would be hard to inflict any punishment without also punishing the children, which would be unjust.

Most of the women in question do not have their children deliberately. Some don't know how to avoid conception; some don't have the means to do so; some, finally neglect precautions. Very few are deliberate.

The first thing to do, therefore, is to inform them. All non-objecting nubile female welfare clients should be given complete contraceptive information. Secondly, contraceptives should be available for a nominal charge to all welfare clients. Thirdly, they should be impressed with the disadvantages—for all concerned—of having children without having established a stable union with the father. I think these measures would greatly reduce the number of families headed by females and the number of children per family. The remaining families without male breadwinners and with many children would be either families in which the breadwinner disappeared for unforeseeable reasons, such as death or illness; or families created by a mother who deliberately had them, counting on the community to support her and her children. There is not much we can do about the first case except try to take care of the bereft family. As for those who deliberately bring children into the world for whom they cannot provide, I think ways can be found to discourage this—without harming the children.

L: Really? Why isn't it done?

C: There is little point worrying about this until we know how much of the problem will disappear once we make information and contraceptive devices easily and fully available.

L: Wouldn't that involve costly medical examinations?

C: They certainly would be less costly than children. Contraceptive loops indeed have to be inserted by physicians.

Where's Daddy?

And only physicians can sterilize. But there is no medical reason for classifying contraceptive pills as prescription drugs except to increase the income of physicians.

L: Aren't there possible dangers and contra-indications?

C: There are. And they might be mentioned on the label. But the dangers are few and less acute than those threatening if a person who should not, eats sugar. Yet we have not made sugar a prescription drug, nor do we even label it "dangerous for diabetics."

L: What would you do with those families who already have many children and no father?

C: Often the father is absent because he could not earn enough to offset the welfare payments that stop with his presence. When there are many children these welfare payments may exceed what he can earn. Such payments should not depend on the absence of a breadwinner. They should supplement the income he can earn.*

As for families actually without a male breadwinner, we must give mothers an incentive, and the opportunity, to work. At present, work would reduce their income—they might earn less than they lose on welfare payments. The

*I should also favor an economic incentive for families to stay together—the opposite of what is now done. But this cannot be elaborated here.

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incentive can be provided by reducing welfare payments much less than the income earned, so as to leave a considerable net increase of income, if the mother works.

L: But how can the mother leave her children? To hire someone to take care of them would cost as much as she can earn.

C: Once the youngest child has reached the age of three, even before, baby-sitters may set mothers free for part of the day. Some mothers could be provided with a little instruction—very little is needed—and with rented space. They could be hired then, to take care of the children of other mothers who thus would be freed to work. This may be combined with some elementary instruction of the children.

L: This seems simple and feasible. Why isn't it done?

C: I'm tempted to say *because* it is simple and feasible. In effect, our welfare bureaucracy likes the old ways. And things like "Headstart," useless as far as the evidence goes, but more pretentious and costly, are therefore preferred.

L: What can you do about that?

C: A lot. One could require that employable mothers accept jobs and classify them as employable unless there are special circumstances which prevent them from working. However, given incentives, encouragement and opportunities, most women in that situation would prefer to work—if their children are taken care of, and if their net income is increased thereby. Certainly a program to hire welfare mothers to take care of the children of others who are out working or to baby-sit, would easily pay for itself (if it is done informally, locally and without bureaucratic frills).

The Working Poor

L: What about the remaining half—families with a working father unable to raise the family above the poverty line?

C: Here, too, I believe that something like the negative income tax—subsidies to supplement earnings would be best. As earnings increase, such subsidies should diminish finally to zero, but in such a way that there remains a significant net advantage in adding to earnings at all times.

L: Certainly this would be better than the present system. Yet I feel it does not go to the root of the matter. Why do these people earn so little? Why are so many of them unemployed?

C: I do not believe that there is an over-all cause, or solution. Some have low skills; some have big families; some are unproductive; some are not allowed to work where they could (or to acquire skills) by unions and by employers who do their bidding.

L: Why could we not have a system that makes sure that everybody has a minimum decent income? Why do you insist on the piecemeal measures you have outlined, and which—regardless of their merits—do not solve the problem of poverty, of slums, of unemployment, of inferior education?

C: Because there is *"a* problem of poverty" only in the sense that there are poor people. As soon as you ask: why? you find *many* problems. The symptoms, but not the causes, can be eliminated by spending money. The causes have far more to do with the way the money is spent and with legislation creating poverty.

L: Laws create poverty? Are you serious?

C: Consider unemployment. It also illustrates the singularity of each, and the relationship among the problems of poverty. Unemployed people can't find jobs—or refuse to take those available (legally they are obliged to take them; but not in practice).

L: You don't mean that the 30 per cent of Negro adolescents at present unemployed—a rate more than double that of whites—simply don't want to work?

C: They do. But not at the jobs available to them—or at the pay available. Yet these are the only jobs for which they have sufficient skills.

L: Well, shouldn't we do something about these skills then?

C: Many are not capable, others are not willing to acquire skills. This attitude will persist as long as they are made to feel that they have a "right" to better jobs than they have the skill for.

L: But don't you think they are kept out of better jobs by racial discrimination?

C: Certainly some capable people are discriminated against—though not necessarily for racial reasons. And discriminatory practices doubtless played a role in placing American Negroes into their present situation—and in making them the people they are. Our problem is what to do with the presently unemployed adolescents. I think they would gain if they were employed according to their present capacities. This, more than anything, will help them, and make them want to acquire skills.

L: What would you do to employ them?

C: I would not make the government "the employer of last resort." Nobody acquires decent work habits by working for the government.

There are private jobs that are not being filled. And many refuse to do unskilled work for the pay offered—which cannot be raised because they do not produce enough to permit higher pay. Have you ever looked for a handy-

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man? Or a Skycap at the airport? The work does not demand much skill. Nor does cleaning, or working as a bellboy, or busboy, or elevator man, or parking lot attendant, or delivery boy; yet applicants are scarce—despite unemployment.

L: So what would you do?

C: Again, I would—along the lines of the negative income tax—subsidize such persons—*on condition that they accept jobs at market pay*. If they show aptitude and inclination, it would help them to acquire skills at the same time.

L: It has been proposed that employers be subsidized to pay these underskilled and "undermotivated" (i.e. unreliable) employees "normal" wages.

C: That seems a complicated and unsatisfactory thing. They should get the wages the marketplace is willing to pay. If that keeps them poor, *they*, not the employer, should be subsidized—on condition that they accept the available jobs. At the same time, we ought to make available every opportunity to improve or acquire skills. But this will work only as people acquire work habits and get interested in better jobs.

What Is To Be Done

Legislation is essential 1) to exempt any welfare client from contractually or legally fixed minimum wages—for many remain unemployed because they do not produce enough to make it worth it to the employers to pay them that wage. Yet, unless they can start working, they will never be worth any more to employers. And they will never acquire the habit of working. 2) I would make it legally possible for workers—or agencies on their behalf—to sue unions (as well as employers) for damages if they can show that they were kept out of jobs for which they were qualified because they were not union members. Unions—like employers—will stop discriminating when it costs them money.

L: With all these complications, I don't see why you won't accept Friedman's negative income tax.

C: Let me point out that what I propose is far less complicated than what we have now. It should take the place of the myriad costly and ineffective programs—job corps, poverty projects, etc. etc. Friedman, to be sure, is simpler still. But chances are that the negative income tax would not, as he proposes, take the place of all subsidies now given—from farm programs to aid to dependent children—but be superimposed. The result would be undesirable.

I think the technique has merit where a) the person receiving a subsidy is employed or seeking employment, or b) cannot work. In these cases it is a simple way of giving a subsidy without bothering about specific, arbitrarily established "needs," without snooping by social workers, and without reducing the incentive to work.

But if you were to give that subsidy without establishing willingness to be employed, or unemployability, you might end up subsidizing persons wilfully idle, such as the hippies.

L: What's so bad about that? It might be cheaper to do so than to do all the checking otherwise required. Further, they will soon prefer to increase their earnings and go to work.

C: Perhaps so—now. But if the knowledge spreads that you can live without working, at the expense of the community, and if the ideology which pronounces it somehow morally superior not to earn money also spreads, then the number of "hippies" will greatly increase and employed workers will have to bear a heavier burden. The idle will insist on higher subsidies. The working population will want to throw out all welfare provisions. The government, to keep everybody's vote, will probably resort to inflation—and we will be in a Uruguayan or at best English mess.

L: So you reject the over-all negative income tax—but want to use the technique for selected groups?

C: Right. Specifically for those willing to be employed at market wages, and for those who are incapacitated.

L: What about other evils connected with poverty such as slums, or bad education?

C: Neither is subject to over-all solutions. Those that have been tried—public housing, urban renewal—have made things worse.

Slums—deteriorated or overcrowded housing—might be improved by a variety of local activities, not by any federal subsidy, which merely has created new slums. The whole housing problem is created by the government. Housing codes and protected union activity make building so expensive that slums result.

Education—which is quite often terrible in our major cities—does not become better by spending more money. Nor have programs such as Headstart helped. A wider use of the Montessori method might help. Better education of teachers—essentially getting them out of schools of education—might help. "Privatization" of the schools—such as Milton Friedman has proposed—is likely to be the ultimate solution. The widespread introduction of "track" systems might help, meanwhile.

L: Quite a program! And it seems rather slapdash.

C: Yes, it would require much more elaborate presentation. But I want to draw your attention to the fact that the needed changes are not financial or over-all measures but rather internal reforms.

L: Can I get you to summarize the proposals emerging from our meandering conversation?

Mr. C Sums Up

C: OK. My proposals are:

1) to make it easier for people a) to have fewer children (make contraceptives available), b) not to desert them (give subsidies not to dependent children but to families), c) to encourage and enable mothers to work (by incentive subsidies and arrangements for their children);

2) to give old or incapacitated people a block subsidy upon their declaration of (insufficient) income, and reduce the subsidy in proportion to their income from other sources, in such a way that they retain an incentive to earn that income;

3) to give a block subsidy in similar ways to employed people who earn too little;

4) to give such a subsidy to idle but employable people who would earn too little on condition that they accept jobs at market wages;

5) to introduce legislation to exempt categories of workers from contractual or legal minimum pay.

I would modify the "negative income tax" by adding to the income declaration the condition that employment at market wages must be sought and accepted by people not employed or incapacitated.

6) I would eliminate most of the present multitude of poverty programs and change the emphasis from helping the poor to become a pressure group that extorts money from those who work, to helping them to work themselves.

My proposals will not solve all problems. But they will improve the situation for all concerned—the poor, the welfare clients, the unemployed, the taxpayers and the children. □

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HIJINX AT BERKELEY

Halloween at Moses Hall

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

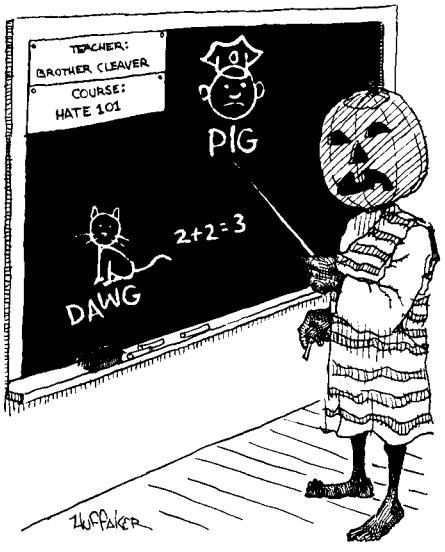
HALLOWEEN came early to the Berkeley campus. The party was held in and around Moses Hall on Wednesday, October 23, and it was well attended by a thousand strangely-costumed creatures, some of whom capered around bonfires while others barricaded themselves inside the building and made merry by rifling professors' desks and destroying whatever came to hand. The party began in the early afternoon and lasted until dawn, when the police moved in quietly and broke it up. It was a great success. But now the bills are rolling in.

No one here was surprised when the activists occupied Moses Hall. They have been burning to take a building ever since they were upstaged by their Columbia cousins last spring. During the past two quarters speaker after agonized speaker at the daily noon rallies has implored students to redeem the tarnished reputation of the Berkeley radical community by shutting down at least some small part of the campus.

Until recently, the pleas of the New Left were ineffective. But then Mark Rudd, touring the country on an SDS sabbatical, delivered a scornful speech from the Sproul steps. All the causes used by the Berkeleyites to force confrontations, Rudd mumbled in his stumbling, heavy-jawed way, causes such as academic freedom and university autonomy, simply masked the real issue. The only true issue, Rudd seemed to say (he has great difficulty putting together sentences), is that everything is wrong, so destroy it all, and to hell with whatever might replace it. Apparently the Berkeleyites had never followed their philosophy through to its logical conclusion, for after Rudd's speech it was as if a great blanket of smog had finally lifted. They were stung by the criticism, of course, but they were also relieved and delighted to discover that they no longer had to try to think. Rudd had showed them just how simple the basic issue really was. And so they set out to destroy.

The ostensible reason for the radical action was, of course, the Cleaver controversy and the sub-controversies which surround it. As Rudd had pointed out, the Cleaver issue is an excellent one, for it provides a unifying symbol which affords an excuse for militancy. Liberal academics could be counted on for support, for, as Rudd implied, liberals will swallow anything so long as it is coated with the old flavoring for which they have developed a taste. Thus, when the radicals began to call for direct action, they were careful to do so in the name of academic freedom and free speech, even though all the splinter groups which make up the New Left had finally come to accept Rudd's view of such causes as window dressing.

THE FIRST CONFRONTATION took place on Tuesday, October 22, when 120 students, most of whom were attending Cleaver's classes, sat down in Sproul Hall in an attempt to force the Regis-



trar to give credit for the course. Most of these demonstrators were young and sincere, and when the police came to carry them away, they were courteous and the police were kind. No one was injured, and the whole process of mass arrest seemed incongruously gentle. Outside, however, things were less gentle. The New Leftists, with the help of hundreds of the Telegraph Avenue street people, burned whatever was flammable, broke windows, overturned cars, and stoned police. It was a successful first step. The idealism of the students who sat in and the sympathy of the liberal academics who supported them gave the radicals an excuse to disrupt the campus and force the police into direct confrontation.

On Wednesday it was obvious that they had done their work well. The atmosphere on campus was hysterical and all the academic issues—credit for the Cleaver course, employment of Negro professors, grapes—were jumbled into one emotional casserole. Students, seeing some hope of mid-term exams being called off, cut classes and milled around the Plaza. Faculty tried to explain to half-empty classrooms how Shakespeare and Ronald Firbank would feel about Eldridge Cleaver. The administrators closed down Sproul Hall and went off to drink brunch. And tourists from Iowa and South Dakota poured out of the Gray Line tour buses to take pictures of the New Leftists who had begun to harangue the crowds.

The activists seemed to realize that their moment had come. Either now or never. "Close down Sproul Hall," they shouted, and several hundred of them ran up the steps, only to find the doors locked. The cry then became: "Close down the Chancellor's office." The crowd had grown, and now there seemed to be 2,000 people running after the militants, although most of them were onlookers who remained outside Dwinelle Hall as the demonstrators entered. The activists were unable to reach the Chancellor's office, however, because two or three guards blocked their way, and they decided instead to close down the whole building. But since there were scarcely a hundred of them, and since Dwinelle is huge and complex (the men's room alone is as big as a roller rink), it was impossible for them to do so. So then the cry went up: "On to Campbell Hall," and everyone went racing off to the northeastern part of the campus to invade Campbell Hall, the building which houses the computer center. But the university had clearly drawn the line here. No one, not even Eldridge Cleaver, or for that matter, Eleanor Roosevelt, was going to monkey with the computers. The activists had barely time to break a window or two when they were routed by campus police. (A week before, in a rather breathtaking display of contemporary Ludditeism, Negro students at the Santa Barbara

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campus occupied the computer center and threatened to smash the machines unless their demands—perhaps printouts in Swahili—were met. Their threats aroused the administration in a way nothing has previously. There is no one fiercer than an administrator defending his computer.)

The activists, chased from Campbell Hall, grew noticeably distraught. People were having a grand time running about the campus, but too many of them had begun to snicker. It was beginning to seem like a Mack Sennett chase, and the network TV cameramen, most of them portly gentlemen, started to object to racing up and down the hilly campus. "On to Moses Hall," the radicals shouted desperately. "Where the hell is Moses Hall?" grumbled the cameramen.

Moses Hall is one of the least obtrusive buildings on the campus and perhaps the smallest. Sandwiched in among larger buildings, it is an imitation Tudor structure topped by two irregular turrets. (These were to provide wonderful settings for TV pictures. Radicals waited in line to stand atop these turrets and wave red flags provided by the cameramen. One of the networks sent out for black flags, but none was available.)

About a hundred people entered Moses Hall in the early afternoon, and by evening they had barricaded themselves inside. And as the sun went down, the street people from Telegraph Avenue wakened from their drug-induced daytime hibernations in doorways, alleys, lobbies, and small furnished rooms into which they cram by the dozens and sleep in piles, and began to swarm onto the campus, swelling the crowd around Moses and giving the whole occasion its Halloween atmosphere. They wore old odds and ends of uniforms and suits. Their hair was long and tangled, their eyes red and running, and their faces dirty and often diseased. It was these creatures for the most part who tore down fences and whatever else was handy to build fires, around which they danced and chanted, their chants consisting of four-letter words periodically interrupted by strange animal ululations.

Meanwhile, from the roof of Moses Hall, the activists, led by Peter Camejo, a South American refugee and the current pretender to Mario Savio's crown, tried to explain to the crowd below just what they were doing and why. "There are only two American Indians on the faculty," one of them shouted accusingly. (One wonders whether the occupation of Moses will send President Hitch on a quick recruiting trip to the reservations.) "We are supporting the struggle of our black brothers," yelled another. (There was only one Negro in the building and he left early because he was out on parole from San Quentin.)

Capering in the Moonlight

By ten o'clock the crowd was huge. Students and sightseers and faculty families and dogs roamed about the building, watching the street people and their New Left comrades build elaborate barricades across the paths and roads leading to Moses Hall. (It may be a comment on the radical movement here that these barricades, which took six hours to build, were removed by the police in six minutes.) Everyone waited impatiently for the police, and the radicals inside Moses kept screaming about how they were laying their lives on the line for freedom. The street people, meanwhile, grew increasingly more frenzied as they sucked on their reefers, screeched obscenities, danced around the fires, and gathered bricks to throw at the police.

As the scene became progressively more irrational, the university types strove harder and harder to reduce it all to terms they could understand. The whole thing was mindless and eerily frightening, as if one had suddenly been carried back in time to an ancient Celtic heath, upon which witches and underworld ogres capered in the moonlight, while one stood by to watch in tweedy jacket and necktie. The faculty members in the crowd were determined to remain rational, however. As a short, fat young man in beret, little round green eyeglasses, and a dress-blue Marine Corps jacket shrieked and pounded on a large piece of construction plywood with a length of sewer pipe, three professors looked on and conducted a thoughtful discussion on the best way to build barricades. "Why not use some of this scaffolding here?" one suggested quietly, pointing his pipestem at a three-story high scaffold which leaned against a nearby building. "Good idea," one of his colleagues answered urbanely. "Better start at the top, however," he added, with a chuckle. "F--- Reagan," screamed the street people. "Everyone get bricks," shouted the activists. "We need some goddam blood," muttered a TV cameraman.

The bonfires grew larger and as midnight came and went the crowd outside began to smash windows while the leftists inside emptied faculty desks and destroyed papers. The street people, properly drugged at last, copulated among the dogs on the beautifully tended campus lawns, and students and faculty, apparently suddenly aware that what they were watching was actually happening, began to leave quickly. By the time the police arrived there were only 76 people left in the building and two hundred outside. The police acted quietly and efficiently and courteously, when courtesy was allowed. One policeman was smashed in the face with a brick and several others were injured. Only one of the demonstrators was harmed, a New-Leftist non-student who hurt his back building barricades and had spent most of the night moaning valiantly.

And so the party ended, and the next day the campus seemed to suffer from a collective hangover. Many people, obviously ashamed of what they had lent themselves to the night before, had the hangdog look one might expect of participants in a lynching or a wife-swapping party on the morning after. And there was also anger. The Chancellor, for one, was tuned to a high pitch of moral indignation. The occupation of Moses Hall was "an act of incredible senselessness," he declared, and he announced himself ready to suspend all students involved in the action and promised to give full university support to the prosecution of the others. Chancellor Heyns, like Neville Chamberlain when the Nazis moved into Poland, had decided to stand and fight.

Not everyone was ashamed or angry, however. Assistant Professor Richard Lichtman, for instance, the pudgy socialist philosopher who often speaks at noon rallies, tried to make the activists and their followers feel good about what they had done. After all, he pointed out in a Thursday Plaza speech, property is not sacred. And then, he explained, there are gradations of violence. Labor unions, for instance, once used violence. Therefore, Lichtman concluded, there was nothing wrong with vandalizing Moses Hall. And besides, he hinted broadly, it was all a frame-up anyhow. Those faculty files and papers were probably really destroyed by the police. This drew a great deal of applause, of course, and had, upon much of the crowd, the effect of a

(Continues on p. 1287)

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ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

POLITICAL CHOICES IN IBERIA

LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT

Portugal has a new prime minister, Marcello Caetano, whose accession to the personal rather than ideologically determined dictatorship was orderly and unmarred by public protest. Caetano's predecessor, Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, who was never a Nasser and still less a Tito, nonetheless shared with these and other leaders of countries which have broken with their monarchical pasts the critical problem of succession. In Spain the constitution provides for an eventual monarchical restoration—giving the Spanish royal house tangible hopes—but even here whether the heir presumptive will in fact succeed is uncertain. On this question depends the future of great numbers of people.

Whither Portugal Now?

Portugal's Salazar, an austere, retiring bachelor, is a man of solid knowledge and native shewdness but strangely limited vision. His countrymen probably did not love the monkish professor who had led them since 1932 but, perhaps more important, they respected him. Portugal was the first European country to become a republic (1910) in this century and Salazar entered the national picture with the military coup d'état which followed upon the revolutions, rebellions, assassinations and economic disasters that accompanied the fall of the monarchy. Salazar, a former professor of economics at the University of Coimbra, put the nation on a solid economic basis that sustained the important material progress of the next several decades. Interestingly enough, he also retained several of the republican innovations, notably the principle of the separation of church and state. Religion is *not* offered in the public schools of Portugal itself. (Perhaps as a result of this, the rate of religious vocations is the lowest in Europe, and religious zeal is far less evident than in neighboring Spain.) Further, divorce is legal and the republican colors (red/green, replacing the royal blue/white) fly over all. Broadly speaking, the patchwork politics has worked well.

Salazar failed, however, to solve several of Portugal's chronic ailments. Popular dissent is not permitted. In 1940 Spain was far more authoritarian in its treatment of internal political opposition than Portugal: today it is a great deal more liberal, particularly in the realm of censorship. And Portugal's economic prosperity may be more apparent than real. Despite the widely held belief that Portugal is a "corporate state" on the lines suggested by the encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno,* the "corporations" remain largely theoretical. The Portuguese "New State" has remained about as problematic as the Falangist national-syndicalist concept of Spain.

Despite its fuzzy-image troubles there is little chance that Portugal, any more than Spain, will return to parliamentary democracy in a republican frame under its new premier. Not only would the government be against such a restructuring; the people themselves—always allowing for differences of age, political sophistication and historical perspective—realize that any such change could lead straight back to 1910. The equivalent development in Spain would set the clock back to 1931 and quickly forward to 1936. Open elections and a multiparty system would more likely than not spell disaster in both Spain and Portugal. This is by no means a judgment on the political maturity of the Spanish and Portuguese, nor on either of those nations' "ripeness" for democracy. Democracy, resting as it must on a platform of fundamental agreement, requires some degree of self-discipline and a certain congruence of political purpose, as well as a willingness to compromise. This is precisely what one does not (and probably never will) find in Iberia. Considerations of literacy do not apply here. The Germans were great readers before 1933, one of the most literate races in Europe. And they read *Mein Kampf.*

Waiting in the Wings

What might suit both the Spanish and the Portuguese best is an enlightened monarchy permitting freedom of expression and association but retaining plenty of muscle to deal with subversion and demagoguery. What are the chances of this in Portugal? There's no constitutional provision for it, certainly, but, as in Spain, two rival branches of the royal family are waiting in the wings. Monarchist sentiments have tended to concentrate on Dom Duarte of Bragança and his three sons, the oldest born in 1945. They live in Portugal but Duarte *père*—as difficult a man as Salazar—has not cultivated the regime. In fact, during the turbulent years following the proclamation of the republic, the monarchists were responsible for several large-scale rebellions and occupied entire areas in the north—at least long enough to issue their own postage stamps. In view of certain centrifugal tendencies in the overseas possessions an attractive young monarch would offer certain advantages.

The Portuguese are a singular people, sad and tough, proud and industrious: once the masters of nearly half the world—from Brazil to Angola and Ethiopia, from Southern India to Malacca and Macao—they badly need something with which to occupy their fertile imaginations. Students of Portuguese history remember the phenomenon *o Sebastianismo.* In 1587 the young and ascetic King Sebastian, last of the Aviz dynasty, fell in the Moroccan battle of Alcazarquivir. But his people refused to believe that he was dead and the *rei encuberto*—their "hidden king"—haunts the fantasies of backwoods *Sebastianistas* to the present day. One wonders, as the new Prime Minister of Portugal takes over, about the possibility of another hidden king. □

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MEMO TO RICHARD NIXON

The Role of Monetary Policy

MILTON FRIEDMAN

In a relatively quiet moment following the recent explosion on the monetary front, we publish a condensation of a major statement by Professor Friedman, who was one of Richard Nixon's economic advisers during the campaign, on monetary policy. The first lesson of monetary history, he says, is that monetary policy can prevent money itself from being (as it was recently and may still be) a major source of economic disturbance. Professor Friedman may not be President Nixon's next chairman of the Federal Reserve Board—but if not it is our loss, and the free world's. —ED.

MONETARY POLICY cannot peg interest rates and cannot peg the rate of unemployment for more than very short periods. I select these two limitations of monetary policy to discuss because the contrary is so widely believed, and because the same analysis treats them both.

It is generally agreed that the pegging of bond prices during and after the Second World War was a mistake and that the abandonment of that policy had none of the disturbing consequences that were freely predicted at the time. Let us see why this was so.

Let the Federal Reserve set out to keep interest rates down. How will it try to do so? By buying securities. This raises their prices and lowers their yields. It also increases the quantity of reserves available to banks, hence the amount of bank credit, and ultimately the total quantity of money. The *initial* impact of increasing the quantity of money (faster than before) is to make interest rates lower than they would have been. But that is just the beginning. Spending will be stimulated. There will be a rising demand for loans. Rising prices may reduce the real quantity of money. These three forces will tend to drive interest rates back to their previous level—or even higher, for a short spell, given the tendency for the economy to overshoot.

A fourth effect can produce persistently higher interest rates than would otherwise have prevailed. This is the expectation that prices will continue to rise. This raises the interest rates that borrowers are willing to pay and that lenders demand.

That is why every attempt to keep interest rates down has forced the money managers to make larger and larger open-market purchases of securities. That is why high interest rates have been associated with rapid monetary expansion, as in Brazil or Chile or recently in the U.S.; and why low interest rates have been associated with slow growth in the money stock, as in Switzerland now or in the U.S. from 1929 to 1933. In fact, low interest rates are a sign that monetary policy *has been* tight—in the sense that the quantity of money has grown slowly; and high rates a sign that it *has been* easy—in the sense that the quantity of money has grown rapidly.

Paradoxically, in order to peg interest rates at a level different from the prevailing level, the money managers must first produce a movement of rates in the opposite direction. This is why the usual monetary policy can peg rates for only a short period, and why interest rates are such misleading indicators of the "tightness" or "ease" of monetary policy.

Much the same line of reasoning applies to the assumption that monetary policy can peg the unemployment rate at a predetermined level. Here too there is a difference between the immediate and the delayed consequences of policy.

At any given moment there is a certain level of unemployment which is consistent with equilibrium in the structure of real wage rates. (By the way: there is no reason why at this equilibrium wage structure the number of unemployed should equal the number of jobs vacant.) This "natural" rate of unemployment is not immutable and unchangeable. Many of the factors affecting it are man-made, such as minimum wage laws, union strength, and the distribution of information about labor and jobs.

Suppose the "natural" rate of unemployment is above 3 per cent, yet the money managers decide to peg it at exactly 3 per cent, at a time when prices have been stable and unemployment is higher than 3 per cent. The money managers increase the rate of monetary expansion. Interest rates will, initially, decline. Income and spending will rise.

To begin with, much of the rise in income will take the form of an increase in output and employment rather than in prices, so the money managers will seem to be succeeding in their objective. People still expect prices to be stable, as they have been until now. It takes time for people to adjust to a new state of demand.

But the prices of products will rise, first slowly and then more rapidly. Sooner or later, employees will recognize that their real wages (purchasing power) have declined. Anticipating rising prices, they will demand higher wages for the future. "Market" unemployment is below "natural" unemployment; real wages will tend to rise.

Even though the higher rate of monetary growth continues, unemployment will start to rise and will tend to return to its former level. In order to keep unemployment at its target level of 3 per cent, the money managers will have to accelerate the monetary growth rate. The "market" rate of unemployment can be kept below the "natural" rate only (as with interest rates) by inflation, and only by accelerating inflation.

Buffeted All Over

What if the money managers choose as their target the "natural" rate of interest or employment? Unfortunately they cannot know what the "natural" rate is. Even if they did know it, they would find that it changes from time to time (with changes in the rate of technological innovation, capital accumulation, and so on). If the monetary managers respond to these variations, they will set in train longer-term effects that will make any monetary growth path they follow ultimately consistent with their rule of policy. The actual course of monetary growth will be analogous to a random walk, buffeted this way and that by the forces that produce temporary departures of the market from the natural rate.

To state this conclusion differently, there is always a temporary trade-off between inflation and unemployment; there is no permanent trade-off. The temporary trade-off comes not from in-

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flation per se, but from unanticipated inflation, which generally means from a rising rate of inflation. The widespread belief that there is a permanent trade-off is a sophisticated version of the confusion between "high" and "rising" that we all recognize in simpler forms. A rising rate of inflation may reduce unemployment, a high rate will not.

Monetary policy cannot, then, peg the real magnitudes of interest rates and unemployment rates. But monetary policy does have important effects on these real magnitudes. The one is in no way inconsistent with the other.

Every major depression in this country has been either produced by monetary disorder or greatly exacerbated by monetary disorder. The first lesson of history, in monetary matters, is that *monetary policy can prevent money itself from being a major source of economic disturbance*. This is not a wholly negative proposition. The monetary machine has gotten out of order even when there has been no central authority with anything like the power now possessed by the Federal Reserve. The money managers in the new Administration have an important and positive task—to suggest improvement in the machine itself and to use their own powers so as to keep the machine in good working order.

Secondly, the money managers can provide a stable background for the economy. Our economic system will work best when producers and consumers, employers and employees, can proceed with full confidence that the average level of prices will behave in a known way in the future—preferably that it will be stable.

Finally, monetary policy can contribute to offsetting major disturbances in the economic system arising from other sources. Independent secular exhilaration can be held in check by slower monetary growth. Monetary policy can respond to unprecedented federal deficits by a slower rate of monetary growth, thus forcing the deficit to manifest itself initially in higher interest rates rather than higher prices. At the end of a major war, monetary policy might increase the monetary growth rate temporarily to ease the transition from wartime to peacetime production (though experience is not encouraging here).

What monetary policy can do in this area is far more limited than is commonly believed. We simply do not know enough to be able to recognize minor disturbances when they occur or to be able to predict precisely what their effects will be or what monetary policy is required to offset them. In this area the best is likely to be the enemy of the good. Experience suggests that the path of wisdom is to use monetary policy explicitly to offset other disturbances only when they offer a "clear and present danger."

In their attempts to offset other disturbances, the monetary managers have on occasion moved in the wrong direction. More frequently, they have moved in the right direction, albeit often too late, but have erred by moving too far. Too late and too much has been the general practice.

My own prescription is still, as it has been for many years, that the monetary managers go all the way in avoiding such mistakes by refraining from offsetting other disturbances. Instead, they should adopt publicly the policy of achieving a steady rate of growth in a specified monetary total—for example, a rate of growth between 3 and 5 per cent a year in currency plus all commercial bank deposits.

It is a matter of record that periods of relative stability in the rate of monetary growth have also been periods of relative stability in economic activity both in the United States and in other countries. Periods of wide swings in the state of monetary growth have also been periods of wide swings in economic activity.

By setting themselves a steady course and keeping to it, the money managers could make a major contribution to economic stability. By making that course one of steady but moderate growth in the quantity of money they could make a major contribution to the avoidance of either inflation or deflation of prices. Other forces would still affect the economy, requiring change and adjustment, and disturb the even tenor of our ways. But steady monetary growth would provide a monetary climate that would be favorable to the effective operation of those basic forces that are the true springs of economic growth—enterprise, ingenuity, invention, hard work, thrift. In the present state of knowledge that is the most that we can ask from monetary policy. But that much—and it is a great deal—is clearly within our reach. □

"I thought we agreed that clan MacLeod would ignore the fashion dictates from London."

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LETTER FROM GERMANY

Bonn Looks at Prague

NORBERT MUHLEN

If the American Presidential election had been held in West Germany, Richard Nixon would have won an overwhelming victory. With a conviction born of fear and anger, most Germans agreed that it was time for a change—in America. In their eyes, the foreign policy of this country in recent years spelled danger, if not disaster, for Germany.

This feeling has been building for a long time, but after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia it reached the boiling point. The mood of late summer and early fall of panic and resignation has changed; now many Germans hope for a new course in Washington which will end the Kennedy-Johnson-Rusk line, widely considered in Europe as anti-European. They blamed Kennedy for being preoccupied with the "young underdeveloped nations," Johnson for a preoccupation with Asia, but they see Nixon as a "Europe-Firster"—a man who understands that of all foreign areas, Free Europe is most important to American security.

These hopes are slightly disturbed, though, by the fear on the part of many Germans that Nixon may return to isolationism, and show even less interest in America's European allies than did his predecessors. In the past fifteen years, this German fear of American neo-isolationism has come to the fore on the slightest provocation—sometimes because Europeans cling to past realities long after they have changed in the U.S.; but more frequently because American actions could be interpreted as moves toward disengagement from Europe's defense against Soviet aggression. And now they are afraid that the Nixon Administration, searching for possible cuts in the federal budget, could take these very steps.

Germans, of course, were especially upset by the Soviet march on Prague since their country is now more seriously threatened by the Soviet Union than ever before. The deployment of well-equipped Soviet divisions along the German-Czech border, Moscow's admitted intention of keeping them there, and its power to unleash them on West Germany at any given moment add up to a clear and present danger. To Germans, this threat seems the more real because, from their own experience with dictators, they are not sure that the Kremlin leaders are more rational than Hitler, as American intellectuals keep insisting even after the Czech invasion. It was not much comfort to Germans when, in the first week after that invasion, a Pentagon spokesman announced that the balance of power had not shifted at all in favor of the Russians—a wishful fantasy which the Pentagon formally corrected three months later.

But this military threat which a genuine strengthening of NATO could offset is not and was never the main worry of thoughtful Germans. What they had feared for some time before the tanks of August, and what afterward appeared nearly certain to them, was that America would unwittingly invite a Soviet attack against Germany—and then be unwilling to fight the aggressor. The reason for this is what Raymond Aron calls "the American-Russian alliance against a nuclear war." Germans fear—and in truth the Johnson Administration has given ample evidence—that the U.S. considers this "alliance" more important than the security interests of its own NATO partners, including Germany.

The Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty epitomized this trend. While its American advocates tried to convince the Germans that it was, really, directed only against a few irresponsible small countries which had to be kept from running amok, and while the same advocates did their best to bully the Germans into consenting to the treaty, German opinion (including even most Social Democratic leaders, whose party officially supported the treaty), saw in it only one clear meaning: America had joined with Russia against the rest of the world, because it trusted Russia. The two "super-powers," as both are commonly called abroad, as if they were alike, have shifted the danger of nuclear destruction to the areas outside their own national territories. "Flexible response is a peace guarantee for the super-powers, and a nightmare for others," is how the moderate, pro-Western and pro-American *Frankfurter Allgemeine* summed up this feeling in an editorial on November 12.

These new German misgivings were inevitable, given the post-Prague affirmations of Washington's reliance on a fallacious concept of "spheres of influence." Russia may do what she wants within her sphere which includes, of course, Czechoslovakia, while she agrees to leave the American sphere alone—which includes the Federal Republic of Germany and West Berlin. According to this concept, East Germany would be lost to the Soviet sphere, and with it all hopes of reunification. But even in this case, West Germans see no guarantee for their own safety since they expect the Russians to insist on the integrity of their own sphere while they violate the integrity of the American sphere. If Germans trust this concept less than the policy planners in Mr. Johnson's State Department, let alone the trustful Mr. Walter Lippmann, it is because they have personally experienced its uselessness. They remember what happened after August 23, 1939 when Molotov and Ribbentrop signed the mutual non-aggression treaty. In its then secret appendix all of Eastern Europe was carved up into very precise Russian and German "spheres of interest." But the Russians ignored these demarcation lines within the year; as soon as they saw that the Nazis were tied up elsewhere in a war, they took over Lithuania, which they had formally conceded to the German "sphere of interest."

There can be no balance between the spheres of influence of an aggressive and a defensive power. Since the Soviet Union remains a potentially aggressive power in Western Europe, this seems self-evident to most Germans, but is regarded as heresy by Mr. Johnson's policymakers. If the Russians crossed the German border, they would arrive in Cologne and Hamburg (and also in Paris, as General de Gaulle was reminded by German Chancellor Kiesinger a few weeks ago) in less than

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three days—and Americans might be reluctant, if not unwilling, to use their troops or their bombs.

Moscow's imperial march on Czechoslovakia also threw a chill on the new *Ostpolitik* of détente and rapprochement with the East which the present German government—the "grand coalition" of Christian Democrats (CDU) and Social Democrats (SPD)—had introduced. Foreign Minister Willy Brandt's new policy was mainly shaped by Herbert Wehner, one of his party's co-leaders, an ex-Communist and an anti-Communist, as well as by Brandt's considerably less anti-Communist *éminence grise*, Ambassador-at-large Egon Bahr. According to them, West Germany has tried hard for the past two years to get on friendly terms with Communist East Europe, holding out a different big carrot but no stick to each separate nation.

BRANDT and his friends expected less opposition to German reunification from the East once its alleged fears of German militarism and revanchism—a ghost conjured up by the Communists whenever they want to rally their forces—were allayed by a great and costly show of German goodwill. They also assumed this détente with the Eastern European nations would isolate Stalinist East Germany until it stood alone in its resistance to reunification and could hold out no longer. The theory of the dissolution of the Communist monolith into areas of independent and liberal Communism as promulgated by fashionable Eastern-Europe-watchers led Bonn to hope it could speed up this process until it would be bordered on the east by friendly governments. There was a clear connection between the distrust of the American ally and the German policy of securing its Eastern flank by "bridge-building"—a policy which Washington had strongly urged on Bonn since 1961.

With the Czech invasion, however, Germans had to recognize that their seemingly successful *Ostpolitik* was illusory. Bonn's warmer relations with Slovak and Czech Communists were denounced by Moscow and its faithful satellites as a German plot to subvert the Communist order, and served also as a main pretext, possibly even a bona fide reason for the invasion. At the same time, Moscow openly threatened to invade West Germany itself, after digging up an outdated clause in the United Nations Charter according to which "peace-loving" powers may intervene against the danger of new Nazi aggressions. Even more ominous were the new threats against West Berlin from Russia and its East German satellite. The Western powers reacted mainly with meaningless protest notes. Not surprisingly, more people and business operations than before are now leaving West Berlin, and the once-admirable will to resist Soviet advances in that city is visibly weakening—which was the Soviet aim to begin with.

Foreign Minister Brandt insists that German attempts to cooperate with the East and to talk with Moscow will continue, but his emphasis is shifting more to Moscow which is where the power-boys are. But in the present state of cold coexistence—uneasily wavering between the cold war of the 1950s and the peaceful coexistence of the 1960s—the more realistic politicians close to Chancellor Kiesinger and the CDU remain skeptical about these attempts. They now emphasize the need for a return to the NATO concept of superior military strength as it prevailed before the East-West bridge-builders proposed changing the military alliance into a kind of branch of the International Development Agency.

Taking for granted the continuing American predominance based on nuclear power, the idea of a European caucus inside NATO gains ground. Responsible West German voices stress the need for Europe to put in the field enough divisions to re-establish the conventional warfare balance, but there is also new German interest in the idea of a European nuclear force, making Europe less dependent upon, and therefore less distrustful of, America's readiness to use hers for Europe. With the CDU and the Bavarian CSU (the party of Franz Joseph Strauss, an old sympathizer of this idea), gaining in voting strength, the call for a joint European nuclear force could well outlive the Czech crisis.

Future German policies toward East and West depend primarily on Washington's attitude under Mr. Nixon, from whom Germans expect much: first and foremost, priority given a) to European security interests rather than to Russian demands and b) to NATO rather than to the "alliance against nuclear war." This includes more prudence in pushing for ratification of the Nonproliferation Treaty in its present form. More urgent still is the German warning against a reduction in the American military presence in Europe, especially since General Lyman Lemnitzer, NATO's Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, has just observed that "there can be no major reliance placed on a Big Lift type of operation to ensure the prompt return of U.S. troops in a time of crisis." Even if compensated for by the planned "qualitative" improvement of America's NATO contingent in Germany, its "quantitative" reduction would create psychological havoc in German political attitudes. The overwhelming German majority want to be strong and faithful allies of America—if America is a strong and faithful ally of Germany. □

Notes from the Campus

Circus Involvement

After the students invaded the buildings,
Imprisoned the janitors
And shat on the floors,
The university president said
(Keeping his eye on the political ring):
"I think it's a pretty damn good thing!"

Student Revolting

And then this little ball of hair and fat
Got up to talk about the proletariat.

Power Ploy

Everyone wants power
but power to do what?
The issue is the tissue
on which all wipe their snot.

Seminar

The Professor of Aesthetics
Is so precise when he speaks
That even when he stops
to clear his throat
His students take notes.

From Alexandria: Callimachus

Apollonius likes the small pond of
Rhodes
Where he can lord it over lesser toads.

Metamorphosis

Since Pubicus has read Pythagoras
He lets the boys alone and nibbles grass.

RICHARD O'CONNELL

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MEETING AT UPPSALA

Reflections on the World Council of Churches

HAROLD O. J. BROWN

IT IS SYMBOLIC that the deeply and bitterly anti-Christian author of *Another Country* was a featured speaker at the Fourth Assembly of the World Council of Churches at Uppsala, Sweden. Christians who take their creeds and confessions of faith seriously have frequently challenged the right of the World Council to pose as representing the Church of Christ, and Uppsala will have done little to change that. Instead, it should force careful observers to ask themselves whether the World Council can even pose as representing the *world*. Despite a vigorous, almost frantic attempt to be this-worldly (or just worldly), even to the extent of inviting James Baldwin to speak and showing Allen Ginsberg movies to the delegates, the WCC seems to be living in another world. The world to which they were trying to speak, for whose benefit the statements were made and for whose guidance the resolutions were passed, is definitely not the world of 1968 reality.

The dream-like quality of WCC deliberations and declarations may be indicated by the results of the Fourth Assembly's concern with three pressing politico-military dilemmas: Biafra, Vietnam and Czechoslovakia. The Biafra question was offensive to the Nigerians. It was discussed, but in a circumlocutory way: Biafra had to be rechristened "the former eastern region," and the resolution calling for peace there had to be emasculated by being deprived of its clause calling upon the nations of the world to stop supplying the belligerents with arms.

The Vietnam resolution, which called upon the United States to stop bombing unconditionally and at once, and which attributed the misery of Vietnam today to the "unilateral intervention of a great power," was wonderful in the way it was received by the delegates, the manner in which its passage was secured, and the way the WCC Press Center publicized it in a press release the day after it was passed.

The first delegate to speak on the resolution was the Norwegian minister Per Lönning, dean of the cathedral at Bergen. He flatly stated that the resolution, with its one-sided condemnation of the United States, could only hinder the Paris peace talks, and proposed that it be modified to call upon North Vietnam to stop infiltrating its troops into the South, and to change the reference to read "the intervention of great powers." Lönning's words received warm applause from the floor, enough to give me the impression that his amendment could have been carried at once. At that moment General Secretary Eugene Carson Blake intervened—one of his rare personal interventions in the business sessions, which were generally chaired by Dr. Ernest Payne—to rule that Lönning's move to amend must be tabled until after all those wishing to speak on behalf of the unchanged motion had done so. Despite Blake's ruling, the next two delegates, a Filipino and a Japanese, also criticized the resolution, the one because it was false to historical fact, the other because it took not the least notice of the murderous Vietcong attacks on South Vietnamese civilians.

Oh, It Hurts So Good!

But then Blake's interventions bore fruit. Robert McAfee Brown of Stanford University announced in pathetic tones that his country "needs this declaration. . . . The United States bears the highest responsibility for the world horror Vietnam has become . . . not only because we have done the most damage, but because we are the strongest power." He appealed to the Assembly to give the United States the rebuke needed "to bring us to our senses." After a further self-condemnation by New York City Methodist leader Harold Bosley, followed by a predictably anti-American diatribe by left-wing British M.P. Tom Driberg and an embarrassingly party-lining speech by a Soviet bishop, Dr. Payne asked the weary Assembly if it would like to return to consider Lönning's amendment. It replied as it always did when confronted with the possibility of a prolonged business session late in the day, and determined to vote on the unamended motion, which was passed. The United States stood rebuked, not over the protest of her delegates, but at their insistence. Only one American delegate rose to announce his intention to abstain from the vote.

Significantly, the next morning's official press release gave space to Brown's and Bosley's denunciations of their country, but did not mention Lönning's pigeon-holed motion to amend, nor the protests of the delegates from the Philippines and Japan, nor—of course—Blake's significant intervention to secure the passage of the unamended resolution.

To avoid offending the nationalistic sensitivities of the Nigerians present, Biafra became "the former eastern region." Otherwise, the Nigerians would have walked out. Because the United States delegates, far from taking offense at criticism of their country, sought it, in order to use it as a lever for political action at home, Vietnam became the unilateral responsibility of a great power. Because the churches of the Soviet Union and its satellites could not conceivably have let the World Council criticize *their* governments, Czechoslovakia became . . . a nothing.

During the WCC meetings, Soviet and other Warsaw Pact nations were concentrating masses of troops in ominous proximity to the Czechoslovakian frontiers. The treacherous agreements of Cierna and Bratislava came after Uppsala; during the Assembly, there was every reason to fear "unilateral intervention of a great power." But nothing was said. Nothing could be said, for one of the unwritten rules of the WCC, since the mass entry of Iron Curtain churches in 1966 and subsequently, has been that nothing may be said which could embarrass them with their governments. This is the price which the WCC must pay in order to have the participation of churches from behind the Iron Curtain. Perhaps this price of tacit dishonesty is hard for Eugene Carson Blake and his fellow Westerners in the WCC hierarchy to pay; I like to think that it is. And while the American General Secretary pays the price of moral integrity, allowing Czechoslovakia to become a non-country before his closed eyes, the American churches pay the bulk of the expenses of the WCC.

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Like most of the published reports on the WCC Assembly, this one too involuntarily gives a false impression, by the very fact that it stresses the political side of the Assembly, when in fact the majority of the delegates was more interested in spiritual and doctrinal issues. The Assembly was divided into six sections, three of which dealt with spiritual or theological issues and three with social ones. The section for which the delegate interest was greatest was Section II, "Renewal in Mission," and the sub-section with the greatest number of applications was a sub-section of Section II which dealt with the theological basis for missions.

Mission? Mission?

When an Anglican minister, John R. W. Stott of London, an adviser to the Church of England delegation, calmly but cuttingly denounced the whole Assembly from the platform, charging that it was indifferent to the command of Jesus to make disciples of all nations (Mathew 28:19), he received warmer and more prolonged applause than anything I heard at any other time during the Assembly. Thanks to the efforts of Stott, Sir Kenneth Grubb, several German and Scandinavian delegates, and others, the statement of Section II was rewritten, and its final version is compatible with the traditional Christian position on the obligation of the church to bring the Gospel to the whole world. There was considerable sniping at the new version; a Bulgarian Orthodox bishop took offense at Stott's evident conviction that the purpose of dialogue with non-Christians is to win them to Christ, but basically most of the delegates seemed to agree with Stott. Even cabinet minister Bola Ige of Nigeria, who was featured as a radical advocate of a revolutionary social concern for the church in the 1966 Conference on Church and Society, privately stated that he agreed with Stott that the Christian's first duty is to proclaim Christ to those who do not know Him.

The delegates, then, were more representative of the concerns of historic, Biblical Christianity, and more interested in theological and spiritual issues, than most people will have concluded from the published reports. They are much more so than the WCC's permanent officials and the favored theologians and non-theologians (such as Baldwin) whom the officials selected to set the tone for the Assembly. But the Fourth Assembly is over, and what the delegates felt and thought will not necessarily have much influence on the policies the WCC will pursue before the next one meets.

No comment on the Uppsala gathering would be complete without a reference to the virtually chaotic conditions under which business was transacted. A delegate from the Waldensian Church of Italy commented that the sessions were "bedlam," designed, in his opinion, only to conceal from the delegates and their churches their impotence to influence WCC policies. Student stewards were circulating among the delegates' tables dispensing multilingual reports at the same time that they were being "discussed" and voted upon, or in some cases afterwards. On at least one occasion the English and German texts of a ballot—it was for a WCC president—contradicted the French text. One AP man voiced the opinion that 80 per cent of the delegates did not know what they were voting for or even whether they were voting for or against it (to vote for the above-mentioned presidential candidate, you had to vote Yes in English, *Ja* in German, but *Non* in French).

The WCC officials were well aware of the problems caused by trying to transact so much business and to discuss so many heavenly and earthly issues in so little time. On occasion, even a Soviet metropolitan and the Archbishop of York were denied the floor for want of time, and all comments were limited to a very few minutes. The question which must be asked is this: is it right, is it even honest, to discuss crucial problems and to make momentous decisions under such circumstances? The uninitiated will surely look on the Uppsala pronouncements as in some sense representative of the considered opinion of representatives of world Christendom gathered in solemn session. Is it right to leave them with that impression?

Cui Bono?

It is hard to see how the WCC Assembly can serve its constituent churches, or individual Christians who want clear answers to pressing spiritual and moral problems, with declarations hastily batted out and rushed through hectic sessions. There is no doubt that some enthusiastic ecumenists, Eugene Carson Blake and Robert McAfee Brown among them, look on the WCC as a tool whereby they may possibly still influence the United States Government after their normal ministerial powers of exhortation and moral suasion have failed. Whether this is a legitimate use to which to put the World Council is another question. Finally, it is evident that the WCC, however slight its real influence on the churches, Christian populations, and governments, is a tool which can be used by the Communists but never against them. For a Western nation to react badly to WCC criticism would split the movement, which would be anti-ecumenical and is thus out of the question; for a delegate to criticize a Communist (or a developing) nation would cause that nation's delegates to be withdrawn, and that too would split the movement. In the last analysis, the Fourth Assembly—and perhaps the WCC as a whole—offers "Christian" nations only the opportunity to confess and publicize their failures; it does not even offer them a forum for the realistic discussion of possible solutions.

That Christ desires unity for His church is one thing; that He desires the WCC in its present form may be quite another. The question which members of those churches who pay the annual bill for the WCC and for its septennial spectaculars, most of them Americans, should ask is this: Does He? Do we? □

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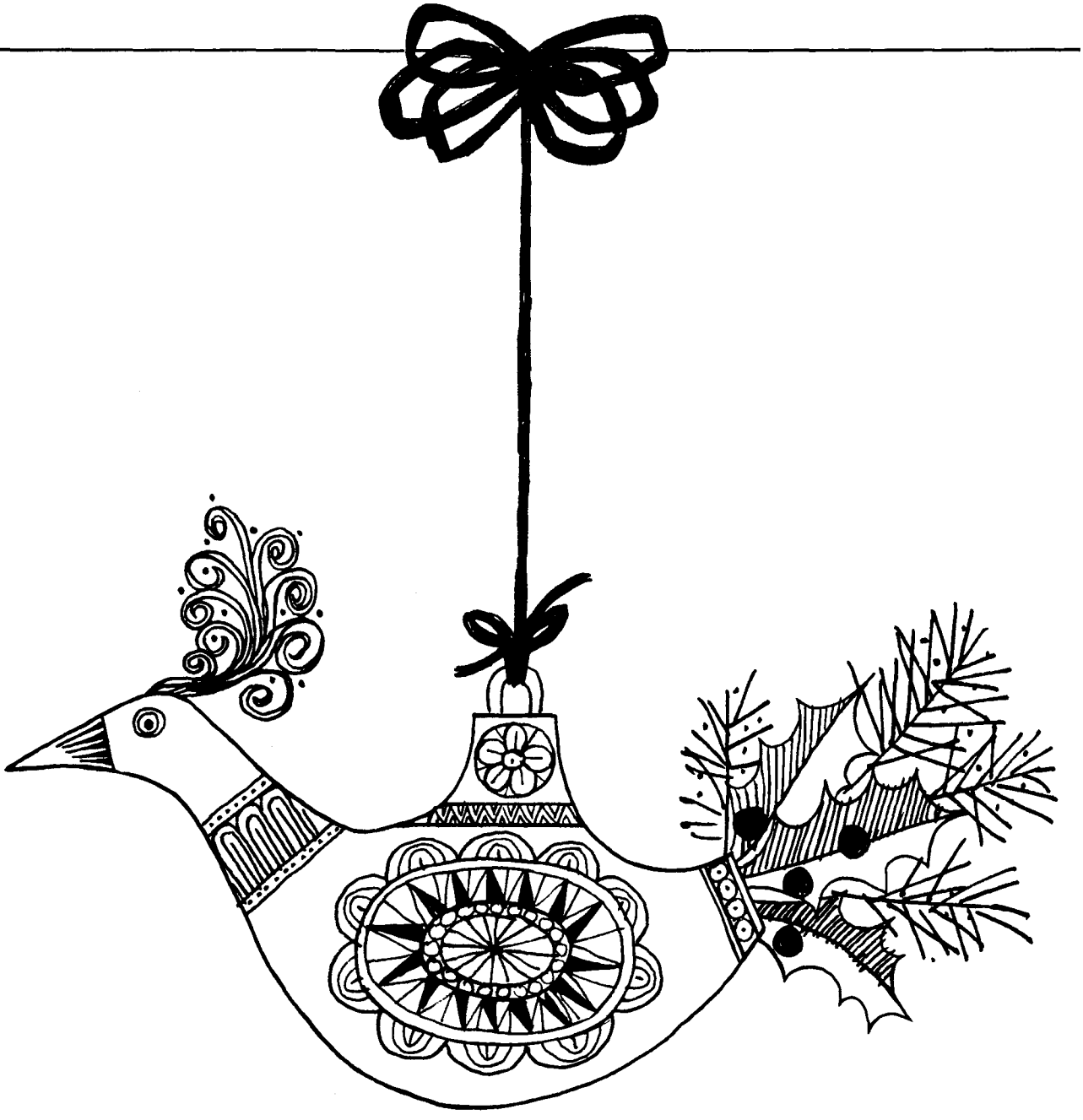

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long lines, struggle with
surly salespeople, wait
at the wrapping desk,
fume at the Post Office
(to insure or not to insure?),
regret that you couldn't
wait for gift boxing, and
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FRANK S. MEYER

THE IRRELEVANCE OF RELEVANCE

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

It is a slender link that maintains civilization through time—the education of each new rising generation, particularly of that small leading minority on whom the essential burden of preserving and developing civilization rests. With the secularization of the churches and the decline of the rooted broad family, it has been more and more upon the universities and colleges that the responsibility for the education of future leadership has come to rest.

This last link in civility—as Dr. Johnson called "the state of being civilized"—is straining and breaking before our eyes. The evidence of this catastrophe is not only, or even primarily, to be found in the mobs of SDSers and black militants who race across the campuses in their arrogance, obscenity and Neanderthal brutality. They represent only the boiling head of a deep systemic disturbance, which is shattering the educational structures of our civilization. It is a disturbance the focus of which lies not in the student body but in the faculties and the administrations.

I have written in these columns of the decay of the will to govern, in the political leadership of our society; what is happening in the universities is a parallel decay of the will to teach. Both phenomena are aspects of an underlying crisis of authority. But that in turn has deeper roots. Authority in a free society (which must be sharply distinguished from authoritarianism based upon usurpation of force) is based upon a firmly held tradition and ethos. Leadership, whether political or intellectual, derives its power from its grasp of the truth of the civilization, and it functions to preserve and express that truth.

The decay of the will to teach in our universities is the result of a failing sense of authority among those who should possess it. How indeed could it be otherwise when to so great a degree they have repudiated the truths of Western civilization and even, in the orgiastic relativism of the contemporary academy, the very concept of truth itself? It is not possible to teach (no matter how much the motions one goes through may look like teaching) unless one has some sense of an essential truth to convey to the new generation. This does not require a rigid dogmatism; truth may be held guardedly, circumspectly, humbly, with full knowledge of one's human imperfections and limitations; but some broad belief in truth, rooted in civilizational tradition, there must be.

THE PROCESS OF TEACHING and learning—the process of the transmission of tradition and truth, and the requisite analytical understanding—must be both separate from the world to a sufficient degree for concentration on fundamentals ("ivory tower" is the pejorative phrase invented by the enemies of civilization to describe this necessity) and must be based upon subordination and superordination, not upon the interaction of equals. If the university is an integral part of the society surrounding it, concrete problems of prudential action will perforce make impossible that detachment necessary for the teaching and grasping of essential principle, which tends by its nature to be an abstraction from the concrete. If the proper relationship of subordination and superordination between student and teacher is eroded, or totally denied, in the name of "equality" or "student rights," the very possibility of teaching and being taught is destroyed.

A student *qua* student has no rights except the right to be well taught. Nothing compels him to enter a university and partake of the munificence of private benefactors or the public purse. If he does not want to be taught, he can work or enlist in the army, or he can go on the bum or join a hippie colony. But once he decides he wants to be taught, all decisions about the condition of his studenthood are the prerogative of those who provide him the opportunity of studying—the intellectual forms of his study, the prerogative of the faculty, and the conditions of his mode of life, the prerogative of the administration, whose task it is to lay down the rules of daily life they regard as most conducive to the pursuit of learning.

These are the essential and existential requisites for the achievement of true university education. Imagination could hardly construct anything further from them than the prevailing trends in the universities today. What is destroying the universities is not the radicals, but the death of the love of truth in the faculties. They cannot answer the nihilists because, by their rejection of the authority of truth and the authority of the teacher, they have deprived themselves of defense against them.

The key word that liberal teachers and nihilist students share is "relevance." But relevance, i.e. the subordination of the universities to the immediate concerns of the world around them, means the death of learning and teaching. And relevance comes in a hundred forms. It means students telling teachers what to teach, on the basis of their tropisms to the surface of contemporary life; it means a wild drive to universal coeducation, introducing sex where all history has shown that it is specifically incompatible with the conditions of study; it means substituting, for liberal education in the free civilization of the West, courses in hotel management or the barbarian history of African tribes; it means social work and projects in revolutionary action, in the place of learning to read deeply and to talk and write cogently. In sum, it means the anarchy of impulse in place of the discipline of ordered learning, the chaos of fleeting opinion in place of the search for truth, barbarism in the place of civilization. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

SANGUINE SCOTTISH NATIONALISTS

FROM THE ACADEMY

The rampant lion of Scotland is growling loudly nowadays. Some months ago, the Scottish Nationalists elected a member of parliament, from the mining constituency of Hamilton (see "The Scottish Uprising," *NR*, Sept. 10). In the next general election, they may win eight to twelve seats at Westminster. Far more than the Welsh, the Scots enjoy some prospect of political autonomy, which has not been theirs since the Act of Union with England in 1706.

The Nationalists profess to be a radical party; certainly they are depriving the Labor Party of much of the working-class vote. But the Nationalist leaders, official and unofficial, are drawn from many classes and callings: lairds, professors, writers, miners, farmers, burgh councilors, disgruntled Liberals and Laborites, Protestants and Catholics, Glasgow Irish and Highland crofters.

No party which appeals to the nation's history and tradition can be altogether radical. Yet, with interesting naïveté, some activists of the Scottish National Party have been flirting with the Workers' Party of Scotland, a Communist faction of the Maoist persuasion, which aspires to establish a "Scottish Socialist Workers' Republic." When this became known, the reaction by the more sober Nationalists was righteous. Intensely individualistic, the typical Nationalist of Scotland does not mean to be decoyed into a collectivist utopia.

On a fine July day, my Michigan friend Tom and I descended Glen Tilt, in the heart of the Highlands; we were joined on that long stony track, presently, by an articulate Nationalist, formerly a miner, now a newspaperman. Our fellow-walker and new friend, Mr. Wills, was at once sardonic and genial. Later I learned from Scottish friends that Wills is deep in the inner councils of the Nationalists. He has considerable experience of the world, having fought against the Communists in Malaya, worked in Montana mines, and tramped most of Scotland.

Mr. Wills' forthright opinions are sufficiently characteristic of the ardent Nationalist. Detesting English central power and English manners, he demands more than devolution: Scotland must become a sovereign nation, after three centuries and a half as a junior partner in empire. Scottish economic potentialities, from the depopulated Highlands to the chimneys of the Clyde and the Forth, would be realized under an independent Scottish government. Scottish intellectuality and Scottish culture would revive, were it made possible for the enterprising talents of Scotland to find honor and patronage at home.

In some practical concerns, Mr. Wills' ambiguity is representative enough of the Nationalists generally, just now. Would Scotland be willing to provide for her own defense, supposing a total separation from England? In population and/or area, Scotland is bigger than some European states which have no difficulty in maintaining their sovereignty; for a thousand years, Scotland was independent—even if sometimes the Scottish king's writ did not run far beyond Fife and the Lothians. Renewed independence is no fantastic notion, but it might require some belt-tightening. (The Act of Union, in 1706, resulted in considerable part from Scotland's financial difficulties after the failure of the Darien Scheme.)

Very probably the Scots would have to reduce, within their boundaries, the mass welfare measures which have lain heavy upon the United Kingdom ever since the British Parliament embraced the Beveridge Plan, at the end of the Second World War. Whether a generation which has forgotten the ancient Scottish frugality, and which has grown accustomed to free medical attention, county-council houses, elaborate pensions, subsidies and all that, would assent to such retrenchment remains to be seen.

Both the Socialists and the Tories, seriously alarmed at the swelling influence of the Nationalists, are promising measures that would give Scotland considerably more self-government than the present arrangement of a Secretary of State for Scotland resident in Edinburgh.

To endure, Scottish national reinvigoration must have at its base a restoration of national character. Scottish culture has been declining swiftly in recent years: not a single major publishing firm survives in Scotland, for instance—the last, Oliver and Boyd, having been bought by the *Financial Times* of London, and its offices transferred to the metropolis which William Cobbett called "The Wen." At the eleventh hour, the Nationalists spring up, aware that after one more generation, Scotland might become in truth what the Victorians called it—merely "North Britain."

Scottish intellectuality, so powerful in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, has decayed conspicuously in recent decades. "Environmental arguments fail to explain the observed decline in output of Scottish genius since 1800," as Robert H. S. Robertson puts it. "The effects clearly have a genetic cause, namely the slow destruction of a breeding stock of very bright Scots due to emigration of the brightest."

Political independence has not brought to Ireland any renewal of creativity and imagination, nor any marked economic vigor—except for investment, quite recently, by Germans and other foreigners. Yet the late British Empire was administered by Scots, at least in numbers far disproportionate to Scotland's population, which is merely one-tenth of the population of the United Kingdom. The Nationalists affirm fervently that Scotland has been only dormant, not senile. □

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From Hero to Bureaucrat

Anti-Memoirs
By André Malraux
Holt, $8.95

PETER P. WITONSKI

I have only met André Malraux once, at an event so trivial it hardly seems worth mentioning; but the occasion is firmly stamped on my memory. It was at one of those tedious little sherry parties that invariably serve to punctuate the visits of eminent personages to Oxford University, and I remember how magnificently out of place he looked. He had just finished delivering a short and undistinguished lecture on art history, and had about him the look of a man thoroughly bored with Anglo-Saxon ritual; he had only to pick up his honorary degree and he would be free to go home. I found myself furtively staring at him, in much the same way as I have seen people staring into the display windows of pornographic book shops—fascinated but lacking the neurotic compulsion to go in and make a purchase.

Where was the old revolutionary, the romantic man of action, the gifted intellectual? I was simply not prepared for the fattish, pompous-looking man who stood across the room from me, sipping sherry and trading *bon mots* with a well-known British politician. It seemed impossible to me that this complacent Gaullist *fonctionnaire* could have ever written a book like *La Condition humaine*. But there he was, and as I moved in his direction, I overheard a snide young don mutter into his glass, "Old revolutionaries never die, they just put on weight."

Earlier in the year I had read sections from his *Antimémoires* in the pages of the Gaullist tabloid *France-Soir*, and attempted to engage the Minister of Culture (he looked even more like a member of de Gaulle's cabinet up close) in a conversation about the book. It was his first literary work since the close of World War II, and it was being hotly discussed in France. He replied to my questions, not really ever answering them, and quickly returned to his friend the British politician, who was now quite drunk.

Since encountering Malraux in Oxford I have read his *Antimémoires* in the original French and in their excellent English translation. The French edition, published by Gallimard, contained a note which explained that three more volumes would be published after Malraux's death (which may explain why one distinguished critic has compared them to Chateaubriand's brilliant *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*), and that the present version had been censored so as not to offend the living. There is no such note in the American edition, and the reader is left to think that this is a work intended to stand by itself. The American edition, however, does contain two additions to the French edition: an index and a dedication to the former Mrs. John F. Kennedy.

ALAS, *Anti-Memoirs* is a distinct falling-off from Malraux's earlier work. Indeed, it is difficult to believe that the author of *La Condition humaine* and *L'Espoir* could have ever written such a book. He is still interested in the same problems, but somehow they now seem terribly banal, like the aging Gaullist Minister I met in Oxford. He begins by noting that "To reflect upon life—life in relation to death—is perhaps no more than to intensify one's questioning. I do not mean death in the sense of being killed," he explains, "which poses few problems to anyone who has the commonplace luck to be brave; but death as it manifests itself in everything that is beyond man's control, in aging and even the metamorphosis of the earth . . . and above all the irremedial, the sense that 'you'll never know what it all meant.'" Faced with this question, he argues, the man called André Malraux becomes unimportant. His life, he explains, has only been interesting insofar as it related to history or individuals. "Memoirs rarely bring us the author's encounters with the ideas which permeate and guide his life." And so he contrives to get himself out of his own memoirs, to write an autobiography that is essentially anti-memorial.

The result is a hodgepodge, sometimes fascinating, as in his interviews with General de Gaulle and Mao Tse-tung, but more often than not just plain dull in the way that the memoirs of a widely-traveled, well-educated politician might be dull. Anyone interested in learning more about the life and work of André Malraux will have to go elsewhere. An intriguing portrait of the artist as an arrogant young man has been written by his first wife, Clara Malraux; and an illuminating and intelligent survey of Malraux's writings has recently been completed by Dr. Denis Boak. Dr. Boak has sadly concluded that a rereading of Malraux's work has revealed "a certain thinness of texture, mixed with what I can only call pretentiousness," which has forced him to lower his opinion of the author.

The two clearest impressions one gets of Malraux from the *Anti-Memoirs* are that he is a brave and courageous man, and that he is an inveterate hero-worshiper. He once remarked to Antoine de Saint-Exupéry that courage was nothing more than the curious and trite consequence of feeling invulnerable. Whatever this may say about Malraux's courage—or that of the in-

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vulnerable General de Gaulle for that matter—it cannot be denied that he acted with great bravery in World War II. His description of his imprisonment by the Nazis, when he was actually brought before a firing squad, is one of the most interesting sections of this book. But it is Malraux the hero-worshiper that *Anti-Memoirs* is all about. And one of Malraux's heroes in particular shines above all the rest: The General.

In de Gaulle, Malraux found "a general officer who respected ideas and saluted them . . . ; a man before whom all felt responsible because he was responsible for the destiny of France; and finally a haunted figure, whose mind was obsessed with that destiny *which he had yet to discover and affirm*." We even learn of the "calm which General de Gaulle has always imposed upon his surroundings." In General de Gaulle, Malraux came to understand both the shame and the glory of contemporary France. "The General knew," he explains,

> that the French people had accepted defeat [in World War II]. He knew that they had accepted Pétain. And I believe he also knew, after the euphoria of the Liberation, that for millions of men he was their alibi. In the Resistance France recognized what she should have been rather than what she had been. And yet the General's real dialogue was always with her—whether she was called the Republic, the people, or the nation. 'A statesman is always alone on one side, with the rest of the world on the other,' Napoleon said. 'Alone with France,' General de Gaulle would doubtless have thought. Solitary great men often have a profound relationship with the masses, living or dead, for whom they fight.

At his best Malraux succeeds in giving us an inkling of what de Gaulle must be like up close. He records long conversations, and continually reminds us of the General's unique genius. Certainly anyone who has ever heard General de Gaulle speak must inevitably feel a sense of awe; he must be that much more impressive in his private conversations—at least if we accept his talks with Malraux as being typical. And finally Malraux succeeds not only in reminding us of the General's contributions to France during World War II when he saved her honor, but of those tense moments before his return to power when Georges Bidault thundered at a frightened National Assembly, "Only de Gaulle stands between you and the Seine. He is the last umbrella against the locusts." When all is said and done, however, de Gaulle's own masterfully written memoirs are far more successful in conveying the General's special qualities than anything in *Anti-Memoirs*.

As for the rest of the book's interviews, I found the one with Mao to be the most interesting, especially since—if we are to believe Malraux—the Chinese dictator actually uses the same sort of silly clichés in private conversation that he does in his book of quotations. That Malraux is awed by this evil old man, and even goes so far as to compare him with his ultimate hero de Gaulle, is another reason why future critics will be forced to re-evaluate him as a student of the human condition. Malraux's conversation with the witty and urbane Nehru is spoiled by Malraux's own propensity for philosophizing about every little tid-bit the Indian leader throws in his direction. With his usual sense of literary overkill, he concludes that Nehru was "*le gourou de la nation*"—a remark that would undoubtedly have sent Jawaharlal Nehru into gales of laughter.

In his attempt to write memoirs that are really anti-memoirs, André Malraux has actually succeeded in telling something of his own decline as a writer and story-teller. There is, however, a flash of the old genius in the work's second section, which is a fragment from an unfinished novel that was largely destroyed by the Nazis in World War II. Entitled *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg*, it reeks of the brand of neo-Nietzscheanism that personified the young Malraux, and one can only lament that he never finished the book, as it would have undoubtedly done more for his reputation than the present volume.

In his waning years, Malraux has become the guru of his nation's *official* cultural output. Bureaucratized by his hero General de Gaulle, he has lost his old genius. Perhaps the succeeding volumes of *Anti-Memoirs*, which will be published posthumously and will supposedly tell all, will be of greater artistic merit. The present edition, however, is a sad book to come from a once great writer. The Malraux who discussed courage with Saint Exupéry and the Malraux who sipped sherry with a slightly tipsy English politician are almost as far apart as the author of *La Condition humaine* is from the author of *Antimémoires*. □

Dollars and Deficits
By Milton Friedman
Prentice-Hall, $6.95

HOMEWORK FOR THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD

KENNETH O. MILLER

A few months ago, when Milton Friedman was a guest on William Buckley's television program, "Firing Line," Buckley began his introduction by saying (I quote from memory): "Some people consider Milton Friedman the greatest economist in the world." After a suitable pause he continued: "That's not necessarily an astonishing statement because, after all, *somebody* has to be the greatest economist in the world."

While there is naturally wide disagreement on who ranks as the "greatest," Professor Friedman probably could claim the title of Economist Most Likely to Be Discussed Outside the Academy if the question were put to an international vote. Among central bankers he is considered the leading advocate of free (floating) exchange rates. Politicians and sociologists know him as the author of the negative income tax. Conservatives and libertarians recognize him as one of the most eloquent advocates of free private enterprise and free international trade. More recently, Friedman has been one of Richard Nixon's economic advisers. Now that Nixon is President-elect, Friedman's latest book should attract more than the usual degree of interest from the public.

Dollars and Deficits is a collection of twelve papers and eight *Newsweek* columns, grouped in three categories: inflation, monetary policy, and balance of payments. Fiscal policy is brought in where necessary, but is not discussed in detail. Since the basic topics are closely intertwined with the real world, there is necessarily some overlap of subject matter. Unfortunately, there is no index, and there are no headings at the tops of the pages. A typographical error on page 11 (line 26) completely reverses the meaning of a

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RANDOM NOTES

■ NEW NOVELS: Auberon Waugh's *Consider the Lilies* examines a vicar with intellectual pretensions who, driven near-mad by his stultifying small-town vicarage, launches an affair with the daughter of the village atheist (Little, Brown, January, $4.95). . . . The ninth volume in Anthony Powell's "Music of Time" sequence, *The Military Philosophers*, is about World War II; will be published early in 1969 (Little, Brown, $4.95). . . . Roderick Thorp (*The Detective*) has written a best-seller-to-be called *Dionysus*, about a young black's growing up (Coward-McCann, March, $6.95). . . . Recommended sleeper: *The Last Day the Dogbushes Bloomed* by Lee Smith (Harper, $4.95). . . . *Judas, My Brother*, by the relentless Frank Yerby, is just out; it's pro-Judas (Dial, $6.95).

■ MYSTERIES: The new Agatha Christie, *By the Pricking of My Thumbs*, continues her trend toward suspense and away from detection (Dodd, Mead, $4.95). . . . The latest in Harry Kemelman's series is *Sunday the Rabbi Stayed Home* (Putnam, February, $5.95). . . . *Nero Wolfe of West 35th Street*, by William S. Baring-Gould, reconstructs every detail of the lives and circumstances of Nero and Archie Goodwin from the information in the Rex Stout novels (Viking, $5.50).

■ MEN AND EVENTS: A *Long Row of Candles* is the memoirs of the *N.Y. Times'* C. L. Sulzberger; Volume I, covering the years 1934 to 1954, is due in April (Macmillan, $12.50). . . . Christiaan Barnard's autobiography, *The Heart and I*, will be published in May (Macmillan, $6.95); meanwhile you can read *Looking at My Heart* by Dr. Philip S. Blaiberg (Stein & Day, $5.95). . . . *A Roomful of Hovings* is six *New Yorker* profiles by John McPhee; subjects include travel-tipper Temple Fielding, naturalist Euell Gibbons (Farrar, January, $5.95). . . . Leonard Cooper's *Three Roads to Moscow* studies the invasions (all unsuccessful) by Charles XII (1700), Napoleon (1812) and A. Hitler (1941) (Coward-McCann, $5.95).

■ MOVIES: Filming of *Bridge at Remagen* in Czechoslovakia was slowed but not stopped by turmoil there; last location shots were done under the eyes of occupying Russians. . . . American-International's *Marquis de Sade*, to cost $6 million, will star John Huston, Lilli Palmer, and Keir Dullea as what only the *N.Y. Times* could call "the eighteenth-century French author and sex criminal." . . . Marlon Brando quit the cast of *The Arrangement*, it emerges, to take a role in *Quemada*, an Italian flick in which he plays the British agent who masterminds a nineteenth-century slave revolt. . . . Universal will do a film biography of that merchant of death, Sir Basil Zaharoff.

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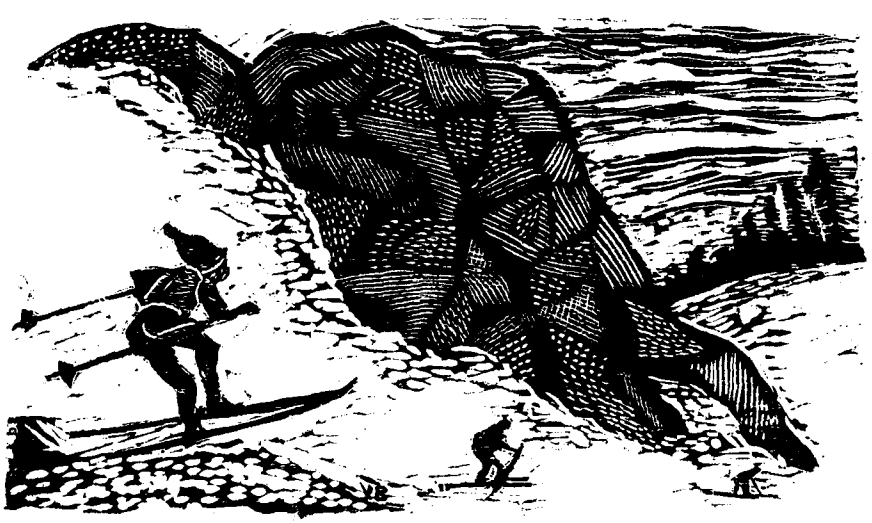
sentence summarizing an important assumption of Keynesian theory. (Instead of "less" read "greater.") Despite these minor flaws, the diligent reader will emerge with a good understanding of the major economic problems facing the United States and the world.

In the introductory essay, "Why Economists Disagree," written especially for the present book, the author states, ". . . I regard monetary policy as playing a more critical role than fiscal policy in promoting economic stability or producing economic instability," thus placing himself squarely in opposition to Keynes and his orthodox disciples, who, we are told, have for some time been diminishing in number and influence. (Conservatives will be relieved to know that the quotation "We are all Keynesians now," attributed to Friedman by *Time*, was taken entirely out of context, giving a highly misleading impression of his opinion.) The wide appeal that Keynesianism held in the late 1930s and 1940s was based on the mistaken belief that the Great Contraction of 1929-33 persisted, despite a policy of easy money on the part of the Federal Reserve System. On the contrary, Friedman argues,

> the U.S. monetary authorities followed highly deflationary policies, not expansionary ones. The quantity of money in the U.S. fell by one-third in the course of the contraction. And it fell not because there were no willing borrowers. It fell because the Federal Reserve System forced or permitted a sharp reduction in the monetary base, because it failed to exercise the responsibilities assigned to it in the Federal Reserve Act to provide liquidity to the banking system. The Great Contraction is tragic testimony to the power of money—not as Keynes and so many of his contemporaries believed, evidence of its unimportance.

In his analyses of inflation (defined as a steady and sustained rise in prices), Friedman emphasizes that inflation is a monetary phenomenon caused, in the first instance, by an unduly rapid growth in the quantity of money relative to output of goods and services. This conclusion, painstakingly documented in his *A Monetary History of the United States* (1963), is still not popular in America. When inflation rears its head we usually hear the old explanations: monopolistic labor unions, federal deficits, or profiteering. Any or all of these may be contributing factors, but as the author clearly explains in the present volume, the *sine qua non* is an inordinate rise in the money stock. Since, in all modern economies, the money stock is controlled by the central bank, it is here that the blame must be lodged.

THIS IS NOT TO IMPLY that Friedman regards inflation as the worst of all economic evils, as many conservatives tend to do. A slow, steady inflation, he believes, is not inconsistent with economic development and need not result in a "runaway" situation. As a penalty, or indirect tax, on cash balances it may



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be preferable in some circumstances to a direct tax. Given an inflationary climate, what matters is whether the inflation is anticipated or unanticipated by the public and—most important—whether the inflation is allowed to proceed openly or is suppressed through governmental price controls. Price fixing in any form, whether applied to domestic goods and services, interest rates, or foreign exchange rates, is anathema to Friedman because it does not eliminate the real source of inflation and prevents effective functioning of the price system, "the most efficient technique people have ever found for organizing resources." When price fixing has been imposed to stem inflation, there arises a variety of undesirable side effects: shortages, waste, misallocation of resources, bribery, corruption, and general disrespect for the law. Invariably, the cure proves worse than the disease.

In his memoranda to the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve and his *Newsweek* articles, Professor Friedman builds a convincing case for a system in which the money supply would be regulated to increase at a predetermined constant rate, independent of the judgment of the monetary authorities. If money supply is defined as demand and time deposits in commercial banks plus currency in the hands of the public, the desired rate consistent with economic growth and price stability turns out empirically to lie between 4 and 6 per cent annually. The adoption of such a system would, of course, require specific legislation and would put an end to the Federal Reserve System as an independent central bank. Since Friedman regards the Fed as one of the chief sources of instability in our economy, he has few reservations about the desirability of curbing its discretionary powers.

The discussion of the balance of payments problems centers on the author's advocacy of free exchange rates. Free versus fixed exchange rates formed the subject of a sharp and exhaustive debate between Friedman and Robert V. Roosa in 1967 (published by the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research). However, only Friedman's side of the debate is reprinted in *Dollars and Deficits*. Having read the earlier volume I remain intrigued by Friedman's arguments but admit to being fearful of the possible consequences of exchange rates being determined completely by market forces and totally free from central bank intervention. (Roosa insisted that the result would be chaos.) Certainly, free exchange rates would be doomed to failure without the simultaneous adoption of a stabilizing monetary policy similar to the one Friedman suggests.

ASIDE FROM the question of exchange rates, what are the prospects that Friedman's ideas will catch on? Fairly good, according to an editorial in the October 26, 1968, issue of the *Economist*, wherein Keynes is called "a defunct economist" and the British government is urged to heed the teachings of Professor Friedman and pay more attention to the regulation of the country's money supply. In view of the *Economist*'s sudden enlightenment, it is rather discouraging to find an article in the November 4, 1968, issue of the *New York Times* headlined "Monetary Policy Viewed as Puzzle," in which a member of the staff of the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland admits to widespread ignorance, on the part of the System's officialdom, about how monetary policy works: "We are a long way from having all the answers. Indeed some tend to argue that we are still a long way from asking all the questions or even the right ones. . . .

"During much of 1968, there has not even been agreement on whether money was 'tight' or 'easy' or whether the Federal Reserve was following a restrictive or expansionary monetary policy."

I recommend *Dollars and Deficits* to all key members of the Federal Reserve System as an efficient means of catching up on their homework and broadening their intellectual horizons. □

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

'TIS THE SEASON TO BE RELEVANT

C. H. SIMONDS

The devilish conspiracy to make American youth throw up at the sight of any book other than the telephone directory remains alive and active. This year, the usual twittering librarians and paunchy scoutmaster types are joined by the middle-thinkers of the not-so-new-Left—most notably by Nat Hentoff, who has—whaddaya know—written a novel for "young adults" (jacket-ese for "teen-agers"). *I'm Really Dragged But Nothing Gets Me Down* is about serious things like race, pot, sex, war, peace, the draft. It is, of course, very Left—the young non-hero finds salvation by counseling high school boys on draft evasion—but the politics are merely annoying. What offends is the downright insulting lack of skill and life. The *Chester Miracle Play* is more fun. The characters are cardboard cutouts; the dialogue is rote speechifying peppered with last year's slang; the story creaks ponderously along while young Jeremy tries very hard to find out who he is. By the end, *we* know who he is—he is a junior Nat Hentoff, a pious, whining bore. There should be a special niche in the hereafter for those—and Hentoff is by no means alone—who would inflict tracts on the young.

BUT IT IS THE SEASON of charity and forgiveness—and besides, nobody can spot a phony quicker than a child. The year has brought enough books, suitably relevant and delightfully irrelevant, to give pleasure and perhaps even hope. Maia Wojciechowska, who won a Newberry Medal a few years ago, has written *Tuned Out* (Harper, $3.50), the story of a very bad summer told by a sixteen-year-old boy whose older brother plays with acid and gets burned. The language is natural, the writing effortless and the ending pleasantly unpat and un-preachy, with neither brother out of the woods but each on his way. *Count Me Gone* (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), by Annabel and Edgar Johnson, is about another little brother, a likable oddball who finds himself hopelessly tangled up with his family and the law. The story makes a plausible case for dropping out as a means of working back in.

Nothing is more relevant, of course, than race. *The* children's book about black people has yet to be written (there are dozens of books about blacks; very few about people). *Dead End School* (Little, Brown, $3.95), by Robert Coles, comes close. It's the story of two boys, one of whom agrees to be bused to a distant school. The other stays home and hates. The boy who finds himself deposited in a shiny new school filled with shiny white children concludes that "some of them are nice, but a lot of them only pretend to be. . . . But that school is a good deal." The very realistic pictures are by Norman Rockwell. An excellent book is *It's Wings That Make Birds Fly* (Pantheon, $3.95) the musings and wonderings of a ten-year-old black child tape-

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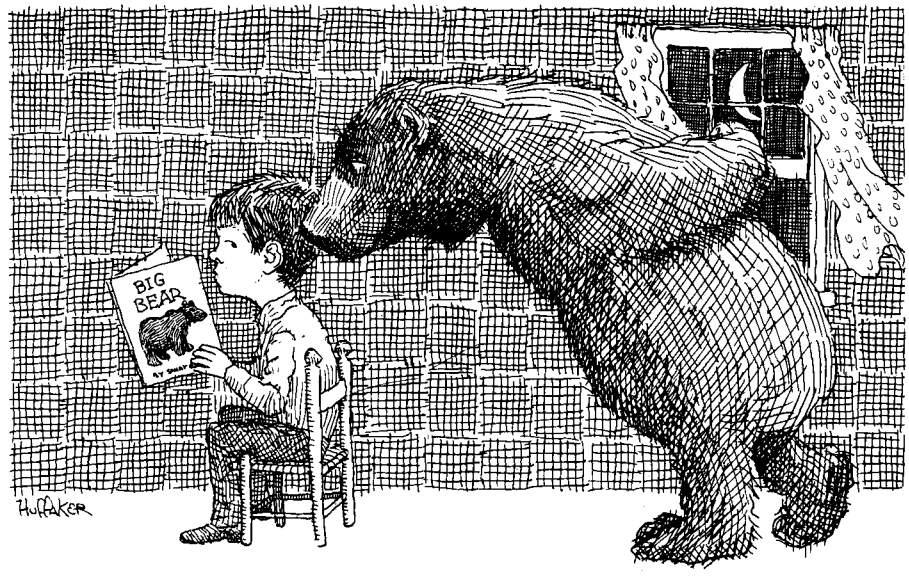
recorded and assembled by Sandra Weiner. "Otis" is quite a boy; one is saddened to learn that he was killed accidentally while playing, shortly after the book was finished.

We live in what the old Chinese curse calls "interesting times"; children are interested too. François Sully's *Age of the Guerrilla* (Parents' Magazine Press, $4.50) is a well done, comprehensive history and manual—suitable, be warned, for use around the house—of guerrilla and counter-insurgency warfare. *Franco and the Spanish Civil War* (McGraw-Hill, $4.50), by L. E. Snellgrove, is an admirably well-balanced untangling that any adult will find helpful and instructive. Roberta Strauss Feuerlicht's *The Desperate Act* (McGraw-Hill, $4.95) combines a gripping minute-by-minute account of the Sarajevo assassination with valuable background material about Balkan complexities dating to the fourteenth century. E. M. Halliday and the editors of *Horizon* Magazine have put together *Russia in Revolution* (American Heritage/Harper, $5.95), a superbly illustrated and reasonably well-written, if rather forgiving, pageant of the years 1917-1921. The book is one in a handsome series, indispensable for every child's coffee table, called Horizon Caravel Books, of which the latest, *Pizarro and the Conquest of Peru* ($5.95), arrived too late for review. Going further back, *The Great Fire of London* (Crown, $4.95) by David A. Weiss combines an account of a dramatic event with deft portraits of memorable men who lived through it, among them Charles II, Samuel Pepys and Christopher Wren. Nicely illustrated by Joseph Papin. *Chaucer and His World* (Walck, $4.50), by Ian Serraillier, is a life-and-times book made exceptional by scores of pictures of the people, places and things mentioned in the *Canterbury Tales*. Wrap it up with a good modern translation like Nevill Coghill's (Penguin, $1.95).



LEADING the adventure list this year is John Christopher's *The Pool of Fire* (Macmillan, $4.25), the final volume in a trilogy of Stevensonian science-fiction that pits Will Parker and friends against the invading Tripods, who have enslaved most of mankind and now plan to suffocate the earth. If Christopher is Stevensonian, Leon Garfield is Dickensian. His *Smith* (Pantheon, $3.95) is a thrilling yarn about a grimy-but-plucky London pick-pocket, aged twelve, who gets involved with a blind old judge, a gallant highwayman and various scrufty underworlders and murderers. There are midnight meetings, daring escapes and more—all packed into a brisk book that's perfect for reading aloud. *High Adventure* (Funk & Wagnalls, $4.95), edited by Seon Manley and Gogo Lewis, is a nice fat treasury of stories (Rider Haggard, Conan Doyle, Dickens et al.), poems and personal accounts.

Then there is non-fictional adventure. *Arctic Rovings* (Wm. R. Scott, $3.95) is Jerome Beatty's abridgment of the journal of Daniel Weston Hall, a New Bedford boy who shipped aboard a whaler, deserted, endured a winter in Siberia and ultimately found his way home. Hall was a brave, resourceful boy, if a bit of a prig ("It may not be amiss to state . . . that during my absence from home, I totally abstained from the use of ardent spirits"). *Prisoner of the Indies* (Little, Brown, $4.95) is the story of young Miles Philips, retold from Hakluyt by Geoffrey Household. At thirteen, Miles sailed out of Plymouth on a high-castled Elizabethan ship; fifteen years later, after hunger, slavery and the torments of the Inquisition, he came home a man.

Exemplars abound. *Heroes of History* (Dodd-Mead, $4.95) contains Winston Churchill's favorite fourteen, excerpted from his *History of the English Speaking Peoples. William Mayne's Book of Heroes* (Dutton, $4.95) is a fine collection ranging from Finn MacCool through Horatius to Hiawatha, drawn from all over literature and folklore.

IT WAS A THIN YEAR for poetry. William Jay Smith is represented with *Mr. Smith and Other Nonsense* (Delacorte, $3.95), which is nonsense indeed and very much fun. *Reflections on a Gift of Watermelon Pickle* (Lothrop, $3.95) is a hefty collection of verse by moderns, well-known and obscure; more moderns are gathered in *On City Streets* (M. Evans, $4.95), edited by Nancy Larrick, who draws from everybody from Whitman to Ferlinghetti (and who confesses that the poems were "tried out on over a hundred inner-city youngsters"—nerve!). Both books are well illustrated with black and white photographs. Richard Lewis has collected poetry and songs from primitive societies in *Out of the Earth I Sing* (Norton, $3.95), a winning book despite some creaky-scholarly translations and the lack of identification on the pictures of primitive paintings and artifacts. *America Forever New* (Crowell, $4.50) is an ample collection of poems, filled with the feeling of the land.

Best of the art books is *Beasts* (Little, Brown, $4.95), an alphabet illustrated with prints by Durer, Goya, Blake (his "Behemoth" from *Job* is "X"—for "eXtraordinary animal") and others, selected by Catherine L. Fuller; beautifully printed and bound. Marian King's *A Gallery of Children* (Acropolis, $5.95) is drawn from the National Gallery of Art. The text tends to the gaga and most of the reproductions are too small, but it's a nice idea and should fascinate a young child. Kathleen Fraser's *Stilts, Somersaults and Headstands* (Atheneum, $3.75) is another good idea—details from Peter Breughel's *Children's Games,* with poems about the games (most of which are still played). Alas, the poems aren't worth much, but children can ignore them and enjoy the pictures. *Beautiful Junk* (Little, Brown, $3.95) by Jon

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Madian is the story, in words and photographs, of a young black boy named Charlie who follows an old, bearded, junk-scavenging white man to —the Watts Towers. The boy gapes, climbs and stays to help the old man build more towers. The story is fiction but the towers, of course, are real.

AMONG the books for the very young, the most adorable is *A Kiss for Little Bear* (Harper, $2.50), by Else Holmelund Minarik with pictures by Maurice Sendak. The kiss comes from Grandmother, and is delivered by a succession of animals, including two skunks who play with it awhile and later get married. *Cobweb Castle* (Holt, $3.95), written by Jan Wahl and illustrated by Edward Gorey, is a funny, up-to-date fairy tale with one immortal bit of dialogue: "Are you a princess?" "No, we just rented the place for the summer." And do not miss Margaret Wise Brown's *The Little Fur Family* (Harper, $3.95), which I loved when I was three. It's just been reissued, in the same tiny format, with the same Garth Williams pictures, and still bound in *genuine* fur —a bit of Da-Da for the kiddies.

THE SLAVS are an unending source of good stories. *Forest Echo* (Braziller, $3.95) is a collection of G. A. Skrebitski's nature tales about the big woods and its little animals, every bit as good as Turgenev's. *The Kingfishers* (Funk & Wagnalls, $4.95) by the Czech Karel Novy, is a year in the life of two birds as they build a home and raise a family. It's unabashedly anthropomorphic, but good; the illustrations are the best of any book this year.

Finally, two for the season. *One Little Tree* (Norton, $3.50), by E. M. Almedingen, a refugee from the 1917 Revolution, takes place in Finland just after the Bolsheviks have let the country go its own way—and sealed the border, so that Arni's family can't get their Christmas tree from the only grove where suitable trees grow. Having made a promise to his little sister, the boy gets the tree ("The wood belongs to the state, see?" says one of the border guards who catch him). *The Wild Beast* (Funk & Wagnalls, $3.95), by the nineteenth-century Russian Nikolai Leskov, is about a lovable bear, a cruel landowner and Christmas on a great estate. The bear escapes a sentence of death, and the landowner undergoes a Scrooge-style reformation. It's all very sentimental, but then what is Christmas for? □

THEATER

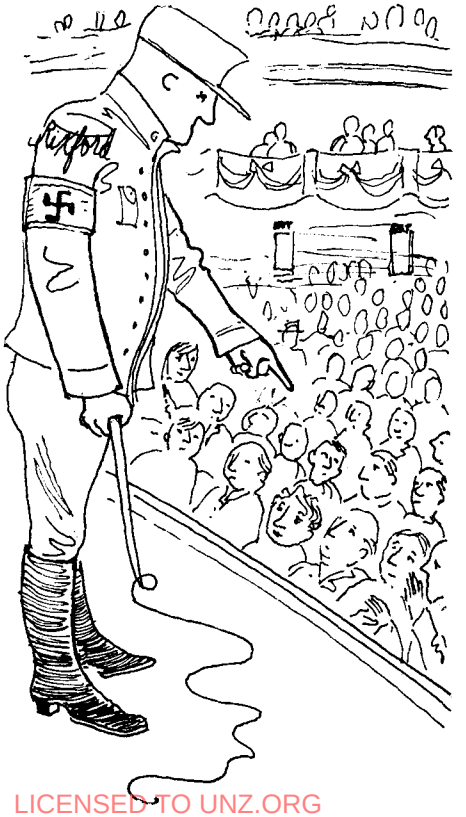
The Man in the Glass Booth
By Robert Shaw; Directed by Harold Pinter — *Royale*
The Great White Hope
By Howard Sackler; Directed by Edwin Sherin — *Alvin*

RETURN OF THE OBSESSIVE HERO

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

"There aren't any plays for actors any more" . . . "John Osborne writes characters and not plays" . . . "Except for Oliver, it's an age of ensemble acting" . . . "Joe Orton's plays have nasty heroes" . . . "Forty years ago the Beatles would have been in the theater, but they're not now because there's no room for characters except on records" . . . "The plays of the Sixties are all anticipation, a group of people sitting around waiting for something to happen."

Not any more. The clichés of theater criticism over the past decade have a point. The point is that the theater lacks heroes; audiences want heroes. Osborne's comparative success might be attributed to his having written the characters that other playwrights need in their plays.



Now the hero is back with us, and high time. *The Man in the Glass Booth* and *The Great White Hope* are indicative of a reaction by playwrights (and audiences) against the rooms full of people waiting for something to happen.

The best theater of the past decade has been a theater of ensemble. Pinter's plays—like Miller's and Beckett's and Albee's—have been group studies. People in a room or a box or a quandary, but almost always people, plural. Even with playwrights like Peter Weiss, the mad ensemble is still an ensemble, and *Marat/Sade* is a dialogue, not a monologue. The exceptions —Peter Shaffer's *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, Robert Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons*, Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy* —have caught the public imagination precisely because they are exceptions.

The exceptions have been most strikingly successful where the obsessive central role has been given the obsessive performance it demands. Which is why we remember Robert Stephens' lithe and vulnerable Atahuallpa and Paul Scofield's firmly understated Sir Thomas More. In each case we were seeing a performance heroic enough in scope to dominate the play of which it was part.

THE MAN IN THE GLASS BOOTH and *The Great White Hope* carry box-office endorsements of what has hitherto been a sometimes ill-directed return to heroic acting in heroic roles. John Colicos' recent performance as Churchill in New York and Alec McCowen's portrayal of Hadrian VII in London confirm the trend. And now we have Donald Pleasence and James Earl Jones.

Donald Pleasence has for some years been a respected actor—almost too respected. He has the reputation of being able to play roles no one else can play, and so he frequently gets cast as a grotesque. In Robert Shaw's play, he attains a stature that he has not enjoyed before. His portrayal of Goldman, the Jewish millionaire who pretends for a time to be the Eichmann-like slayer of thousands in Nazi concentration camps, gives him a chance to do what he does best: play a man acting.

His great gift is his power to communicate obsessive control. We feel that his fingers are about to clench so tightly

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that the knuckles will crack. In Pleasence's Goldman, we see a rendition of a man acting, acting almost to the point of caricature. Rightly so. The frightened Goldman is out to fool the world. If anything goes wrong, he will lose control. There will be a cataclysm. Pleasence threatens us by touching our doubts about our roles as audience, and we want to be threatened.

The play fragments around him, an incoherent mass of bloviations, held together only by the brute force of Pleasence and by Harold Pinter's rehabilatory direction. (This latter virtue cannot, alas, redeem the abysmal performances by virtually every other member of the cast. The women are especially bad.) But Pleasence is the show. He is the man in the glass booth, on display, and people coming to the Royale will go away having seen a kind of acting that had almost disappeared from the stage.

Robert Shaw's version of the tainted hero is, of course, just the old hero we have always known, writ anew. The sanitized hero of the past never really existed. King Lear and Hamlet and Othello—they aren't a very nice lot. And the best modern heroes aren't either.

THIS EXPLAINS James Earl Jones' great success in *The Great White Hope*. For black and white theatergoers who have wondered when they were going to be given a black hero—warts and all—and have been given Sidney Poitier, Jones' performance of the Negro boxer Jack Jefferson (Jack Johnson) provides an honest and sensitive dynamic that we had hitherto missed in most racially-oriented theater.

Howard Sackler gives his play a solid structure. In *The Great White Hope*, he substitutes the ethic of the boxing ring for the ethic of Sixties America and makes his audience accept it. Like every good play, it sells the audience on its own set of values.

Jefferson's bigger-than-life manhood gives energy to the people around him. In Jones' performance, the boxer seems to communicate power from his very presence. He communicates it to his spurned and vengeful mistress Clara (a brilliant performance by Marlene Warfield), who in one chilling moment goes savagely, fangs bared, for a member of the audience in the front row; he communicates it to his wife Ellie, later a suicide; he even communicates it to the ring boss, who wants to see him beaten. Everyone in the play seems to find life only in Jefferson's presence or in thinking about him.

What distinguishes Sackler's play from, say, Hochhuth's *The Deputy*, is that its focus is steady. We don't dart about here and there. The scenes without Jefferson relate to Jefferson in a way the scenes without the Pope don't relate to the Pope—or to his dilemma —in Hochhuth's play. *The Great White Hope* is a play about a man, not about an idea.

James Earl Jones fleshes out the man. His performance exudes the kind of vitality that would have made Jefferson a great boxer and that would have sustained his reputation even during his down-and-out days in Budapest and Belgrade, when the bankrupt expatriate had to make a living by reciting *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to hostile and uncomprehending audiences.

In short, Jones packs punch. His boxer is a flawed individual, callous enough to drive his wife to suicide but devoted enough to collapse when she is dead, muttering helplessly and incoherently to her lifeless body. Jefferson mourning over the dead Ellie recalls Othello mourning over the dead Desdemona. One image reinforces the other, theater at work in the best way.

So the obsessive hero is back. And welcome. Sackler and Shaw have given us a push out of our lethargy. We have sat around waiting for Godot for twelve years. Godot, or his brother, has arrived. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ECUMENISM OR NEW REFORMATION? *by Thomas Molnar (Funk & Wagnalls, $5.95).* Sixty years ago, Pius X marked the growth of secularism within the Catholic Church. He warned that the most dangerous partisans of this "modernist" heresy were to be found in the ranks of the priesthood itself. While modernists put themselves forward as reformers, he cautioned, they attack the most sacred elements of the Christian faith. The storms presently winding through the Church witness to Pius' insight, which lies at the core of Molnar's thesis. Fingering the neo-modernist revolution within the Church, Molnar bares its program and strategy with much prescience, though his critique has its imperfections. He finds that what is labeled ecumenism or renewal often comes to little more than an effort to geld the truths, liturgy, and teaching authority of the Church; so that Catholicism can more easily be made, like Comte's "positivist papacy," the political tool of the Secular City. Why? Molnar responds that Church "reformers" genuflect to the belief that life can be redeemed by politics. For them Catholicism will only be "relevant" when it takes up modernity's revolutionary hunt for an earthly New Jerusalem. They make of ecumenism, he says, an excuse for a secularist New Reformation. P. C. BEACH

MURDEROUS ANGELS: *A Political Tragedy and Comedy in Black and White, by Conor Cruise O'Brien (Atlantic Monthly Press, $5.95).* Xerox has here the elements for its next TV special. Was Dag Hammarskjöld really a bit effeminate? Did the Soviets really have the correct story on the Hammarskjöld death (murder)? Was Patrice Lumumba really the great freedom fighter of our time, and a keeper of white mistresses as well? Are Kasavubu and Tshombe really illiterate? Is Union Minière stronger than the United Nations? Is the CIA behind it all? The point of O'Brien's play is to rewrite history outside the confines of scholarship. He agrees with the Soviet charge that Hammarskjöld has responsibility, through acting or failing to act, for the death of Lumumba. He thinks a Greek tragedy train was then set in motion (with the connivance of Union Minière) which culminated in the death of Dag. He makes his points by heavyhanded attempts at irony and by explaining every joke or point. It is, as he describes it, a comedy and a tragedy. The fun of it all is in attempting to cast the Xerox teleplay. For Lumumba's white mistress, who says dirty things on stage, Shelley Winters is a natural. For Lumumba, nobody will do but Paul Newman in blackface. And Hammarskjöld could go to either Tiny Tim or Robert Vaughn in Adler Elevators. Tshombe—why, Stepin Fetchit of the old days. W. D. JACOBS

HOW TO COPE WITH COPE, *by Terry Catchpole (Arlington House, $6).* Perhaps the most important casualty of this year's unusual election is the big-stick reputation of the AFL-CIO. It is apparent that the leaders of big labor are out of step with many of their members, and will become even more so in the months ahead. Terry Catchpole describes the reasons for this development, explains the new conservatism of the labor rank and file, and pinpoints the disparity between big labor's liberal alliances and the wishes of its members. Also discussed are the degree to which COPE has influenced elections in the past, the methods by which it has circumvented laws affecting union involvement in politics, and the hard-nosed professionalism it has brought to the business of running a campaign. Catchpole concludes with a blueprint for meeting the COPE political challenge, giving particular emphasis to the division between the labor bosses and their constituents. M. S. EVANS

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

END OF A DREAM

THERE ARE a few restaurants in New York which are spoken of in reverent, hushed tones because of their elegance, their superlative food, their exquisite service, their indispensable reservations and their astronomical prices. Lutèce, on East Fiftieth Street, is one of these temples, to which recently my husband, a woman friend and I repaired to celebrate the auspicious occasion of the publication of a book of mine. Our friend was the host, and this was to be a T*R*E*A*T.

A small brownstone houses Lutèce, fronted by a tiny sidewalk garden with a few tables. The downstairs front room holds a small bar, the back room is for dining and there is also a rather pleasing, rustic-looking back yard now closed because of the season. More dining rooms are to be found one flight up, a steep flight, and to one of these dining rooms, the one in the back, we were shown by a gentleman who reminded me somewhat of an updated version of George Raft. I never discovered who he was; anyhow, that was the last we had to do with him.

The upstairs back room is small, and anything but sparkling or quiet; on the contrary. Yet it holds seven tables, and all but one were occupied that evening by more than two people; as many as six were jammed at the one next to us. The room is made even smaller by the back stairs that lead up from the pantry, and an empty glass case on a tall stand on which there is a pile of folders advertising European restaurants. We were seated at the table on top of the stairs, within full view and sound of what went on below. I sat against the wall, our friend smack against the stand and my husband faced me while the waiters scurrying around the room bumped constantly into his back. The table was carelessly set, and with enormous, vulgar balloon glasses. Two cheap little roses in a bottle provided the touch of living beauty. But what really got us were the candles, not wax ones, but butane candles, on an elaborate candlestick decorated with winetasters' cups. I presume that the butane was to make the guests long for genteel suburbia rather than for the lusty hideouts where wax candles are burnt—and yes, Virginia, there *are* non-dripping wax candles, but they cost money. At two other tables the butane had given out in a couple of candles.

A YOUNG CAPTAIN SEATED us and the waiter took our drink orders. I wanted a champagne cocktail, but the waiter assured me that I wanted a Kyr, white wine and *cassis*, and that is what I got. Long before we had finished our drinks, and without asking if we wanted another or giving us the chance of ordering one, the captain started hurrying us into ordering, keeping at it even after we asked to wait. We had looked forward to composing a meal with suitable wines, but we could not get any guidance from the captain, who kept on rushing us and recommending a few dishes with much too much emphasis; obviously, he wanted to get rid of them. There was none of that discussion with waiters and wine waiters that makes for perfect meals and which you get in any good French restaurant—even in New York, let alone Paris. Amidst much confusion, I asked for *cailles aux vignerons,* listed on the menu. There were none, I was told; no, they were not out of them, there had been none. As an appetizer, my friend and my husband ordered artichokes and mushrooms *à la grecque*. The portions served were simply gross, and the mushrooms, in the middle of the mushroom season, canned. I had foie gras in a brioche. The foie gras was good, but the brioche, though flavorful, was cold and quite stale and hours old, rather than fresh and warm. The crust on the Beef Wellington which was my husband's entree was equally stale. My friend and I had turbot—and I must say again that we ordered in a rush of confusion, because of the impatient captain. The fish was properly cooked and delicious, but poorly boned; each of us found five bones. Yet turbot is an easy fish to bone. The hollandaise was good too, but too bland. We seasoned it with a badly carved decorative lemon on the plate—the pips were still in—and got our fingers wet as it spurted. At no time were we asked if we wanted a salad, and as soon as we had finished our main dish, the table was cleared. But not completely—a lonely fish knife remained until the waiter noticed it later. Well, my friend and I did want a salad, and back came salt and pepper, bread and butter, after quite a wait. My endives were good, but my friend's bibb lettuce, though of good quality, was still full of sand. The desserts were marvelous. I had the best *cassis* ice I ever ate, and the others an equally delicious ice cream cake and chocolate cake. But it was not relaxed dining.

NOW TO THE WINE and the service. As I said before, we were not given a chance to compose our meal, one of the reasons one goes to this kind of restaurant. Hovered over by the captain, who familiarly leaned his arm on my husband's chair, we tried to order a red wine for my husband and a white one for us, after waiting for the wine card. Again, we were so rushed that we decided on just a white wine, a 1961 Meurseult. The wine, though listed, was not available. When I asked the captain why, he assured me four times—we spoke French—that this was a good question and let it go at that. The 1967 Meurseult he offered us was the highest priced *vin ordinaire,* and a poor one, at about $14 a bottle. When the bottle had been de-corked, the cork was not shown to us or left on the table, as it should be when wine is served by people who know their job, to demonstrate that the wine has been properly stored.

The tables in the noisy room are so close together that the waiters had to reach across ours—and that of others—

(Continues on p. 1287)

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TRANS-O-GRAM

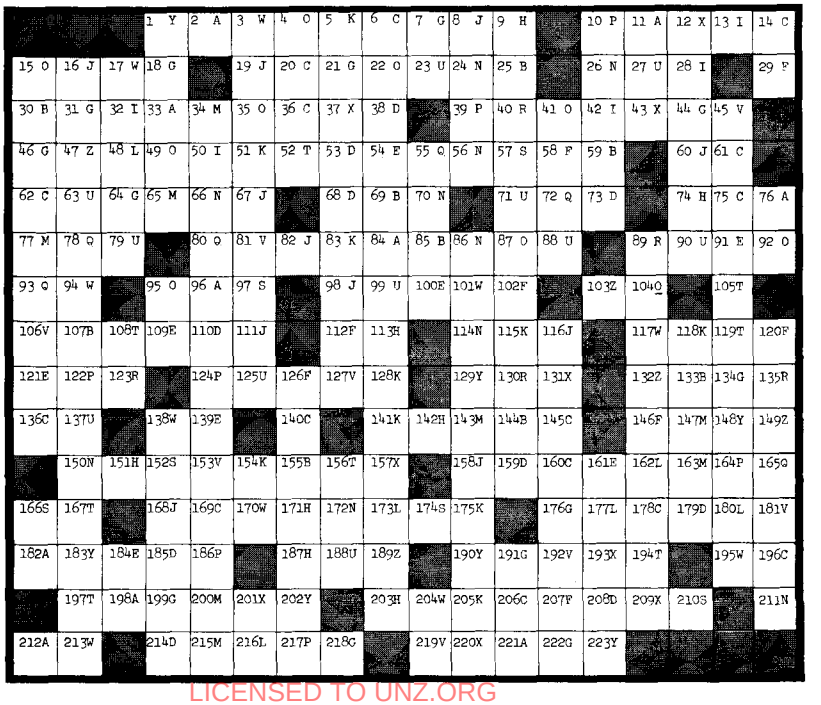
by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A marine gastropod, having a yellowish, spired shell	11 2 33 76 84 182 198 212 221 96
B. Another name for a certain state tree	30 69 133 25 115 59 144 107 85
C. A famous and influential work published in 1776	62 36 75 178 6 20 196 61 136 140 145 160 169 206 14
D. What soldiers have to have plenty of if they are to fight successfully	68 208 214 110 159 179 38 53 73 185
E. What children in slums are in danger from	100 184 161 54 91 109 121 139
F. A type of violet	126 58 29 102 112 207 146 120
G. Place in Florida that used to be in the news a lot	134 7 176 191 199 222 18 21 31 44 46 64 218
H. A catharrhal affection of the mucous membranes of the eye and respiratory tract	142 187 9 113 151 74 203 171
I. An important part of a carnival	42 13 28 32 50
J. A mixture of a certain beverage with whiskey, sweetened and topped with whipped cream	158 8 16 19 67 168 60 82 98 111 116
K. A dickey	175 115 118 128 141 83 154 205 5 51
L. The oracular seat of the priestess of Apollo at Delphi	180 216 162 173 177 48
M. An operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan	200 215 65 163 34 77 147 143
N. Weakened or reduced in force.	211 114 56 70 24 172 26 66 86 150
O. Foods	87 4 15 22 49 35 41 92 95 104
P. Confronts boldly	217 10 39 124 186 164 122
Q. A German biographer	78 55 80 72 165 93
R. Taste, relish, or liking	89 40 135 123 130
S. Kicks out	97 166 57 210 174 152
T. Something that is grown for forage in the U. S.; of the genus *Lolium*	108 156 167 119 52 105 194 197
U. A street in New York City; one of the Psalms	188 23 27 63 71 79 88 90 99 125 137
V. Cumulative	192 45 219 181 153 81 106 127
W. These passengers had to get out and push when the stagecoach ran into trouble	195 117 138 170 213 204 3 17 94 101
X. What taxes were under the Democrats	209 37 43 12 131 201 157 220 193
Y. An adverb that pertains to life	1 183 129 148 190 202 223
Z. Redacts	47 189 103 149 132

See page 1286 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (DECEMBER 3) CONVERSATIONS WITH GOETHE:

"It is . . . very curious," said Goethe, "how easily one gets onto the wrong side of public opinion! . . . It is true that I am no friend of the revolutionary rabble, which is bent on murder, pillage, and arson and hides the meanest egoistic aims behind the false label of public welfare." (from the book entitled *Conversations with Goethe*, by Johann Peter Eckermann).

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HAZELTON

(cont. from p. 1284)

to serve or clear. Even in everyday family life at its worst, reaching across a table is considered rude. Not so at Lutèce. The waiter's arm, to reach me across the table, was right under my friend's nose, so that she had the choice either of flattening herself against the stand or biting the man's hand. When the captain poured the wine behind her back, she could dip her nose into her food or simply nestle into the man's arm by drawing back an inch or so. I told the captain that the service was not very elegant, for a restaurant of the kind. The thought caught on, and he ordered the waiters to squeeze themselves between the tables to get to my side. One waiter kept on forgetting, shooting out his arm and yanking it back as he wormed his way to my side.

The practice of lighting a guest's cigarette was also unknown to those who waited on us. At one time, as the captain was standing idly by my side, I fumbled with matches without his turning a hair. I gave him the matches, and as he lit my cigarette he assured me loudly that it was a pleasure to do so. The wait between courses was very long, though they had been ordered together. The main dish arrived twenty minutes after the appetizer had been finished, and twenty more minutes passed between main dish and salad, and salad and dessert. At no time was there any supervision by a maître, though the gentleman who had seen us up the stairs fussed at one table—the only one in the room which got his attention.

We left some $102 poorer (including two drinks, the wine and two liqueurs) and robbed of a dream. Let this be a lesson to you, dear reader. □

COYNE

(cont. from p. 1266)

strong Bloody Mary. Activists pulled themselves together and began again to plan strikes and boycotts. The destroyers had for a while seemed morally repulsive to the rest of the campus, but one suspects that this distaste will soon disappear.

The activists, then, finally had their confrontation. True, it was smaller than Columbia's and perhaps a bit sillier. But by the time the essay writers and newsmen are through with it, it will no doubt gain a great deal of significance. And in the meantime, people across the state are waiting to see whether the aroused administrators will be able to bring the university under some sort of control. If they cannot, Berkeley stands to lose much of the autonomy of which it is so proud.

Recently Governor Reagan, outraged by the actions of activists who disrupted the October meeting of the Board of Regents at the Santa Cruz campus (among other things, they physically attacked Regent Catherine Hearst), compared Berkeley unfavorably with a bad saloon. "Even in a third-rate saloon," the Governor said, "a modicum of order is maintained." Many Californians now agree with the Governor that it is time to hire some bouncers. At the Santa Cruz meeting, Governor Reagan introduced a resolution which would bring Berkeley under tighter regential control. The resolution was tabled, but that was before the Moses Hall Halloween party. When it comes up again at the next meeting, the Governor's fellow regents may decide to put the saloon under new management. □

LETTERS

(cont. from p. 1249)

Gemini flight. This long-focal-length lens indeed showed striking details on the Earth's surface. But NASA was ordered not to use such long lenses in the future. Hence, the same lens used on virtually all other Gemini and Apollo flights would not provide the great resolution claimed in your article. So much for the alleged worries of the Pentagon and the State Department. On the contrary, every nation that was photographed in the past was highly pleased to obtain copies of these space photographs.

The last statement that the "shots indicated potential petroleum and other mineral sources might trigger financial gyrations" is hogwash. If NASA or other government agencies really believed this, they would give immediate and large support to an important program—and the Earth Resources Satellite—rather than just giving lip service.

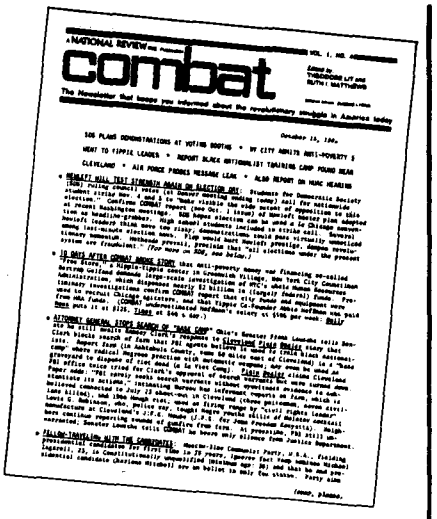
NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST

Anaheim, Cal.

Nixon on Cuba

In "The Week" [Nov. 19] you stated that neither Mr. Humphrey nor Mr. Nixon once mentioned the problem of Communist Cuba. For your information Mr. Richard Nixon did speak out about Cuba and on five (5) different occasions. They were as follows: Stevens Point, Wisconsin—February 6; Oregon Telethon—May 26: An interview with the *Miami Herald*—July 8; statements made in Miami—October 12 and October 15.

New York, N.Y. WARREN R. HASS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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The NAACP Moves

On The Right

New York, Nov. 28—The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has finally moved. For years and years it subscribed to the futile doctrine that one cannot criticize one's own: one's own being, in this case, all other colored people. Insiders and not a few outsiders knew that such gentlemen as Roy Wilkins and John Morsell, the two principal executives of NAACP, have been aghast at the extremism that has issued from the irresponsible black Left. But until now, the Association has been reluctant to identify black extremism for fear of appearing treacherous; so that the present break suggests that, on reflection, their policy of see-no-evil, hear-no-evil over there in the fever swamps of black ideology has struck them as unsound. Or it suggests that the intensification of extremist activity is now such that it cannot, as a matter of fact, be ignored.

I think of the Reverend Ralph Abernathy who, facing a college audience the day before the NAACP published its disavowals, was asked the question: "Do you believe that Richard Nixon and William Buckley are racists?" to which he gave the answer: "Well, they are very nearly that." Granted, it is hard to wrest any analytical meaning from such a statement, it being as hard to be very nearly a racist as to be very nearly pregnant.

NOW I DO NOT MEAN to suggest that Mr. Wilkins has now shown such penitence as would be appropriate in, for instance, setting right the record on the NAACP's own demagogic and irresponsible criticisms of Barry Goldwater when he ran for President. Nor can we expect retroactive criticism of Martin Luther King for drawing comparisons between Goldwater and Hitler—as well expect the Friends of the Little Flower to attack the Little Flower.

In fact, the statement did not single out anybody at all by name, in the magisterial tradition. And, interesting also, the statement gave reasons against black extremism which are unrelated to questions of right and wrong, as in, "Dr. Abernathy, you mustn't call Mr. Nixon a racist, because if you do he might bite." That is different from saying: "Dr. Abernathy, you mustn't call Mr. Nixon a racist because he isn't one."

"The time has come," said the NAACP editorial, "for speaking out loud and clear lest the entire race be branded as hate-mongers, segregationists, advocates of violence, and worse." That is solid tactical judgment, because there is great risk in the unjust association of the many with the sins of the few. Eldridge Cleaver hasn't a large black following, but it exists, and, for his echo chambers, he has the New Left.

I pause to record that in the current issue of the *Evergreen Review* Mr. Jack Newfield, whose conscience is so refined that the gentlest wind will sear it, notes that he voted for Eldridge Cleaver for President, which is rather like a staff member of President John Kennedy voting for Oswald for President, inasmuch as Newfield was a fervent follower of Senator Robert Kennedy, and Eldridge Cleaver calls Kennedy a pig and Sirhan Sirhan a hero. Although the many white extremists do much to give the few black extremists a bad name, the NAACP has a point there: that bad name could contaminate black-white relations.

Finally, the NAACP editorial makes the good point that entirely too much attention is given by the press to the perversions of the extremists. I remember lunching a while ago with a Negro leader who seized that morning's issue of the *New York Times* which featured as its "Man in the News" an entirely forgettable young black gentleman who the day before had nailed some preposterous demands on the door of a Chicago official. "See this?" he said. "Jones has a following of, I would estimate, twenty people." By contrast, my friend, to get public attention, would have had to buy advertising space. "Partly," the editorial notes, the rise of black extremism "has been because of a tendency on the part of the news media to bypass spokesmen for the majority and to project the minority spokesmen as the authentic voices of the Negro community."

And then, says the NAACP ominously, "There is the additional factor that responsible leaders who speak out against the extremists have been subjected to threats of violence." For example, Mr. Herman Ferguson has been indicted for conspiring to kill moderate Negro leaders. And of course nothing is more important than to guarantee the physical safety of such leaders from the ruffians, the muggers, the blackmailers. The NAACP will perhaps understand what some of us mean in calling for law and order. □

DE GAULLE AND THE SPECULATORS

New York, Nov. 30 — Really, de Gaulle is something, and we shall miss him when he is gone, which this time may be imminent. He is likely to drown, even as King Canute would have done if he had staged his sea-stopping operation other than to show his servile court precisely that he could not control the incoming tide. De Gaulle on the contrary asserts that he can control it, and the likelihood is that he cannot, although he gains, as usual, the advantage over what is natural by his sheer audacity. It is as if Monaco had given an ultimatum to the Soviet Union. Under the circumstances, for a little while, the Soviet Union would simply not know what to do.

That is the situation as the banks open. It may be that by the time these words are printed, de Gaulle will be repudiated by the only totally honest forces around, which are: The Speculators.

GRANTED that the governments of Western Europe and the government of the United States can intercede and save the franc, and may proceed to do so. It is in everyone's general interest that France should be stable. But nations tend to judge vast eleemosynary movements with some specific reference to their own interests which must be judged as of primary concern. It would be nice if France did not have to devalue.

On the other hand, how heavy a price

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are we willing to pay to avoid that economic dislocation? And how heavy a price is England prepared to pay, impoverished England whose pound sterling was ruthlessly de-valued only a year ago, while across the Channel the snooty General was denying England entrance into the Common Market where the pound might have received massive transfusions?

The key element is, then, precisely those speculators we read about. Because depending on their reading of the strategic situation, they are going to decide what is the price France, and France's friends will have to pay in order to stabilize the franc. If they set that price too high, by continuing to sell the francs and to draw their investments out of France, then France's reserves will quickly dissipate, and fresh reserves will not come in. Then the franc will come down and almost surely, with it, the proud general—who would not likely survive both the austerity he has invoked, and the failure of the objective in behalf of which it was invoked.

The speculators. Whenever the word is used, the user visualizes sinful, greedy little men who profiteer from human distress. It is appropriate to explain that the speculators perform a vital economic function. It is they and they alone who signal to a society that it is engaging in pursuits whose strategic consequences are dangerous.

The speculators exist in the money market because we all pledged, back in 1944, to fix exchange rates based on the price of the dollar, and to hold these rates down to within 1 per cent's variation. When there is imbalance over a long period in trade accounts it is obvious that the importing country's currency is being weakened, and to be angry at the speculator selling that currency is approximately the equivalent of getting mad at a bank president who refuses to lend any more of his depositors' money to a client whose debts are rising and whose income is diminishing.

I heard it estimated by an economist the other day that whereas at the time of the Bretton Woods conference 95 per cent of the country's economists favored fixed exchange rates, now thanks substantially to the scholarly research of Professor Milton Friedman, plus also to the regular harrowing international money crises, 95 per cent of the nation's economists endorse what Professor George Stigler terms "the elegant alternative of free exchange rates."

It is sobering to reflect that if we had had flexible exchange rates, changing day to day according to the dictates of the marketplace, the crisis of this last weekend, whose political overtones are as vast as the end of de Gaulle and a return of Franco-German hostility, might not have taken place. Suggesting what a lot of people have supposed right along, which is that the economic free market often overrules the political market: a moral not unrelated to King Canute's. □

BRAINTRUSTING FOR NIXON

New York, Dec. 4—You may not have noticed one of the spectacular intellectual effronteries of the season, to wit a meeting of "international scholars" at Princeton University whose purpose it is to advise Richard Nixon on how to proceed with the Presidency. The meeting is sponsored by the International Association for Cultural Freedom, a group whose expenses are paid mostly by the Ford Foundation. The theme of the conference is, "The United States, Its Problems, Its Image, and Its Impact on the World," and the scholars and publicists invited to attend are, for the most part, a) anti - American; and b) for the most part, anti-Nixon.

It is a most interesting thing to contemplate the number of people who are coming forward these days to advise Mr. Nixon on how to proceed. They have in common their opposition to Nixon's policies, and their loathing of Nixon personally. It is never absolutely safe to generalize on these matters, but I would warrant that 99 per cent of the American representatives at the big-think conference at Princeton a) voted for Humphrey; or b) voted for nobody, on the grounds that Humphrey was too right-wing. For instance? The American representatives at the meeting to advise Nixon include most conspicuously McGeorge Bundy, head of Ford, who quit Johnson because he was too—Nixonish (he would put it differently, but not so well). And George Ball, who quit the UN in order actively to oppose Nixon, whom he denounced as a second-rater who would probably bring catastrophe to the world. And George Kennan, a gentle, intelligent human being whose view of the Soviet Union has for a while been based on his famous statement that he no longer knows what a Communist is. And Roy Innis, of CORE, whose views on politics are as simple as that anybody who voted for Nixon is a Tom.

Others invited to represent the United States include John Kenneth Galbraith, president of Americans for Democratic Action, which is probably the senior anti-Nixon organization in America. And then Elizabeth Hardwick, a functionary in the most highly mobilized anti-American journal in the country, the *New York Review of Books.* And Lillian Hellman, of all things, a playwright and dilettante fellow traveler. And Irving Howe, editor of the socialist *Dissent,* whose pleasures mostly derive from mugging the United States. And of course Arthur Schlesinger (he is as necessary as a scold at any international meeting as the American flag is necessary to a meeting of the American Legion). Plus a couple of moderates (in that company, Mother Bloor is a moderate). And the principal outsider, who will command the most attention, is Andreas Papandreou of Greece, the former Berkeley economist who has formally signed up with the Communists in an effort to beat back the colonels who delivered his fatherland from Papandreou.

THE SAME DAY the news came in on the gathering of these intellectuals brought also the news that one of their stoutest heroes, Mr. Juan Bosch, the rejected premier and democratist ideologue of the Dominican Republic, has, from his sanctuary in Spain, announced the discovery that perhaps after all democracy (it was democracy that rejected him in favor of Balaguer) is not quite the thing for underdeveloped countries. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bosch may be quite right, though no doubt it embarrasses his supporters to hear him say it. But the United States is not an underdeveloped country, and one wonders why it has not occurred to the Ford Foundation types that the meaning of the last election was that the policies associated with the chappies invited to Princeton are precisely those that a relatively mature democracy has rejected?

It may be that the gentlemen realize that they are in a highly embarrassable position. Perhaps that is the reason why the hosts went to such extraordinary lengths as to fail to invite such leaders in the founding of their association as Sidney Hook and Irving Kristol and Lionel Trilling, liberals, anti-Communists, who however are too keenly intelligent, too implacably honest, and too well balanced morally to tolerate hate-Americanism as a substitute for intelligent activity calculated to increase freedom in the world. It is reassuring how little influence these people have collectively. One wonders that they can bring themselves to listen to themselves. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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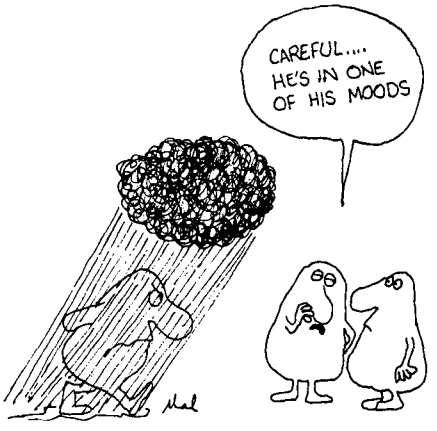
FOR THE RECORD

■ New Left having its organizational troubles: for one thing **Students for a Democratic Society** is mad at **Mobe** (National Mobilization Committee)—they were the two major groups in the Chicago affair. At recent Kalamazoo meeting, SDS refused to join in anti-Inaugural hijinx now being planned by Mobe because, reports the *Guardian*, "of the fear that Mobe would again dominate the public political posture of the action while SDS members took it on the head from the cops." SDS in its own *New Left Notes* put it even more bluntly: The SDS doesn't want to be used as "cannon fodder" in Mobe operations. . . . *Guardian* columnist **Stanley Aronowitz** says the radical movement showed itself in the '68 elections to be "disorganized and lacking direction." He calls for the formation of a new national non-Stalinist radical party. . . . *Guardian*'s favorite foreign correspondent, Australian Communist **Wilfred Burchett**, flew in to New York last week on hoked-up pretense that he would cover fortnight of UN session for a leftist French monthly. (It was only way he could get a visa.) It was rumored in Paris that he planned to make contact with Nixon aides on behalf of Hanoi. . . . Burchett, writing in Japanese *Sankei*, recently commented: "North Vietnam will continue the policy of not recognizing the existence of the South Vietnamese government and of overthrowing it." . . . U. S. delegates at UN burning over reports that **U Thant**, who used to smoke good Burmese cigars, has switched to Havanas.

■ Sen. **Roman Hruska** says he doesn't want blood all over the floor, but that he would like to be Minority Whip (to succeed lame duck **Thomas Kuchel**). His fight being managed by Senators **Tower**, **Murphy** and **Baker** (Baker is **Everett Dirksen**'s son-in-law). Likely compromise: Hruska will get Whip, his liberal opponent, Sen. **Hugh Scott** of Pennsylvania, will be named chairman of Senate GOP Policy Committee, replacing **Bourke Hickenlooper**, who is retiring. . . . Senator **McCarthy** may have painted himself into a corner by his statement that he will not be a candidate for re-election to the Senate in '70. **Hubert Humphrey** has indicated he'd like to run for Clean Gene's seat if Gene intends to vacate it. . . . **Adam Clayton Powell** surprising everyone in sight by predicting that "**Nixon** is going to surprise his financial supporters and become a great President." Not so says Georgia legislator **Julian Bond**, who claims Negroes "will be lucky to survive" under a Nixon Administration. . . . Every columnist worth his salt has now suggested that **Stephen Smith** will run against **John Lindsay** next year.



. . . More savvy types believe Smith might prefer to wait until '70 and take on **Rockefeller**, unless other Kennedy brother-in-law, **Sargent Shriver**, has that spot blocked out. . . . American community in Paris, incidentally, disappointed with Shriver's performance as U.S. Ambassador. They report he acts more like a candidate for public office than a diplomat.

■ **Vatican crackdown** on Catholic progressives continued last week with lead editorial in *L'Osservatore Romano* attacking the lay-edited U.S. *National Catholic Reporter* for carrying "heretical articles on the Church and its structure." . . . Reason **Tito** was so anxious at time of Czech occupation was that a high KGB (Soviet intelligence) official defected in Belgrade about that time with information on several Soviet contingency plans if the move on Prague had backfired. Yugoslavia has an armed half-million-man militia ready to take to the hills if necessary. . . . By some oversight, no one has gotten around to calling up the **Czech** military service class of '68. . . . Exploits of Soviet espionage agent **Rudolph Abel**, who served some time in a U.S. jail, form background of a new Soviet movie, *The Dead Season*. . . . **Jacques Soustelle**, back in Paris after five years in exile, says he has no intention of getting back into French politics.

■ On the December calendar: motorcade from New York-New Jersey area to Washington Dec. 14 being organized by **National Committee for a Responsible Patriotism** to present to the White House and to the office of the President-elect the first of a group of one million signatures the Committee is gathering urging action to free the *Pueblo* crew (for info contact Executive Director Charles Wiley, at Hotel Commodore, New York; Tel.: 684-0640). . . . Same week (Dec. 16) will see annual meeting of **Man Will Never Fly Memorial Society**, near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Last year's Committee awardee was **Snoopy** "for downing more Sopwith Camels than were ever built."

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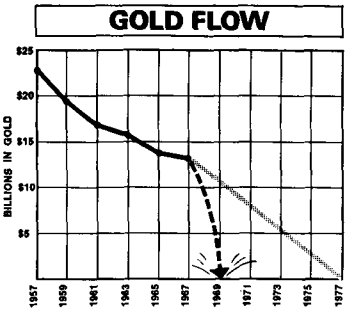
Why the Gold Crisis Could Trigger the Next Depression

AND HOW YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR LIFE SAVINGS

If economist William F. Rickenbacker is right, there may be little time left to convert your holdings to a form that can withstand the coming financial holocaust. In DEATH OF THE DOLLAR, he explains with cool — no, bone-chilling — logic, why he thinks the depression must come. Then he reasons out the steps (the very few steps) that you can take to protect the assets you've accumulated.



THE CHART TELLS THE STORY. Black line shows loss of gold reserves since 1957 as foreigners cash in dollars for gold. Grey line projects loss of remaining gold by 1977 IF rate of loss stays the same. But the outflow is sure to speed up. Reason: we continue to spend far more dollars than we can redeem in gold. Broken line shows what will happen as nervous creditors lose confidence and "rush" our government in a panic to "get their gold before it's too late". Then the U.S. must stop redeeming dollars for gold or run out of gold — thus driving the price way up and cutting the dollar's buying power. Will it happen this month? In 1969? 1970? No one knows; it could happen any time now.

WHAT A NIGHTMARE! You lose your job or business. You see the value of your stocks or property drop by half overnight. You lose most of your savings. In effect, you must pay twice as much for your mortgage or car loan, *and you can't get any further credit!* The trouble is, this may not just be a bad dream; it could be a FACT.

According to Rickenbacker, *the stage is already set for the worst depression in American history.* It is the current gold crisis that will trigger the holocaust. Nobody knows exactly how and when; it could be next year or maybe next week. But strike it will, says Rickenbacker, *probably with no more warning than what you are reading right now!*

Step by step, the author explains why. He shows how our gold reserves are tied to our international balance of payments. With plain horse-sense reasoning, he shows why all the financial parachutes and fire extinguishers that the government has laced through our money system will prove to be *frauds* when the chips are down.

Does FDIC insurance on your savings account make you feel secure? At this very moment the FDIC can pay no more than $1 for every $100 of yours it has insured! Are you impressed when the Federal Reserve "monetizes the debt"? Rickenbacker shows how this can take a $100 debt, turn it into a $600 credit and skyrocket the cost of milk and eggs. Does $10 billion in gold sound like plenty of "reserves"? It's less than half of what we had just a few years ago — and it now is supposed to support *four times more* in short-term loans to the U.S. How long will foreign countries continue to accept our notes — our promise to pay in gold — *when they know we soon may have no gold?*

Above all—Rickenbacker shows why Wall Street and the entire financial community can be *expected* to be caught napping when the hurricane strikes. (Their slumber is almost a required ingredient.)

How You May AVOID Financial Disaster

If a reading of Rickenbacker's analysis makes sense to you, you'll want to know what steps to take as a hedge against the trouble ahead. The author analyzes all the major investment possibilities — stocks, bonds, convertibles, real estate, cash savings, art treasures, etc. — showing which types of holdings you may want to avoid, which are more likely to provide you with a crash helmet.

Please understand, *this is not a tip sheet in book form.* There is no "sell Tweedledum and buy Tweedledee" advice. This is a financial analysis written in plain (and graceful) English. Any high school student can understand it. The purpose is to show the average investor what *really* is going on in the world of international finance so that he can make more knowledgeable decisions about his current and future investments.

Risk-Free Examination

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* *Don't jump to any conclusions*

Only 2 or 3 of the above investments will weather the coming financial storm, according to Rickenbacker. Every expert who saw this chart before publication of the book guessed wrong. When Rickenbacker explained the reasoning behind his choices, every expert ended up agreeing with the author!

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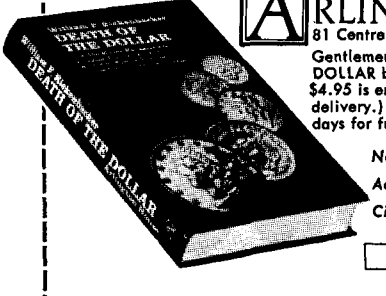
"It is certain that the reform [increase in gold price] will have to be carried out. The only question is to know whether it will be done before or after the general crisis."
— *William F. Rickenbacker*

William F. Rickenbacker is an independent investment advisor and Wall Street analyst. If you read his first book, *Wooden Nickels* (1966), you know that he flatly predicted that silver prices would skyrocket. If you followed his advice, Rickenbacker has put you in a brand new tax bracket — and you will need no urging to read his new analysis of the gold crisis.



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